

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts
and Public Affairs*

Volume XV

New York, Wednesday, December 23, 1931

Number 8

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor
JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Vigil	197	The First Christmas.....	Felix Klein 210
Week by Week.....	198	My Light (<i>verse</i>).....	Anna Moody 211
Phantoms in the East.....	201	The Fire on the Hearth.....	William Everett Cram 211
Spain and the Church.....	M. Manent 203	Christmas Eve in the Tyrol....	Friedrich von Minkus 213
A Prayer for Snow (<i>verse</i>).....	R. N. D. Wilson 204	The Play.....	Richard Dana Skinner 214
Fearing Old Age.....	Marie L. Darrach 205	Communications	215
The Symbol (<i>verse</i>).....	Anne Ryan 206	Books.....	John A. Lapp, Michael Williams, T. Francis Healy, George N. Shuster, Patrick J. Healy, Maurice Lavanoux 218
The Vanishing Individual.....	Elmer Murphy 207		
Medicine and Prayer.....	Joseph J. Stahl 209		

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central
Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single Copies: \$.10.

THE VIGIL

TWO DAYS after the day when this issue of our paper will appear, it will be Christmas. To all our readers, and the friends of our readers, and the friends of their friends, we wish good things, we wish them a Happy Christmas—yes, in spite of everything that may seem to make the good old words a mockery, we wish them a Merry Christmas! Let the cynics smile, and say their cleverest jokes; let the wise-crackers sputter like the old-fashioned Christmas crackers—it doesn't matter. Nothing matters except the truth of truths: it is the birthday of Christ that is at hand, Christ Who is God, and Who was born as a man—a baby boy, Who was held to the breast of His mother, Mary, nearly two thousand years ago.

Anticipating the spirit of the vigil, the day of watching and preparation—the Vigil of Christmas—we read in the first prayer of the Mass of that day, the Mass in which ever since the Last Supper of Christ on earth He maintains His human as well as His spiritual presence on earth, that “this is the day you shall know that the Lord will come, and save us: and in the morning you shall see His glory.”

It was in the midst of darkness, says the book of the liturgy—book of the words of wisdom and of beauty:

words that never lose their force for they are of the language of life, and life is love—a darkness symbolical of that which darkens the soul, and the heart, and the mind of man when he turns away from God, that Christ was born: “While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thine Almighty Word, O Lord, leapt down from heaven, from Thy royal throne.” For, “the Lord hath reigned, He is clothed with beauty: the Lord is clothed with strength, and hath girded Himself with might.” And He continues to reign on earth, for His kingdom is everlasting; and He reigns in beauty, “beautiful above the sons of men”; and still He is clothed with strength, and girded with the might of His Church, which is strong with His strength, because the Church is His Body, living with His life.

Moreover, says Saint Thomas, “it was not for His own sake that the Son of God became Man, but that He might make us to be Gods through grace.” And Dom Lefebvre tells us that “the assimilation of the human nature with God corresponds to the assimilation of the Divine nature with man.” “The whole Christ,” writes Saint Augustine, “is Jesus Christ and all Christians. He is the head, we are the members.”

What wonder that every vigil prayer is a shout of praise, or of rejoicing; affirmations of faith that seem to tremble upon the verge of vision: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes: and be lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of glory shall enter in." And: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that even as we anticipate the adorable birthday of Thy Son, so may we joyfully receive His eternal gifts."

It was between the years 747 and 749 of Rome, that the general enrolling or census ordered by Caesar Augustus obliged Joseph, the carpenter, and Mary, his wife, to return from Nazareth to Bethlehem in Judea. In Joseph's heart was the great memory of the voice which in his sleep had said to him: "Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." And in Bethlehem, as the Gospel of the First Mass of Christmas will sing: "It came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger: because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the Angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

What followed thereafter: the manifestation of the three Wise Men; the frightful threat of Herod, the slaughter of the innocents, and the flight into Egypt; the hidden life of Nazareth, when the family was set up forever as the fixed center of human life; and then the three years of the work, the preaching, the teaching, the feasts and the fastings, the miracles, and the end at Jerusalem; Gethsemane, the trial before Pilate, the scourging, the way of the cross, Calvary and the sun darkening at high noon; and then, the Resurrection, and then, Pentecost, and the Church established—all this we shall remember after the vigil is over, and Christmas has come and gone. And we shall remember also the century-chaptered story of the Church from those days until now; but we shall not let our hearts be made heavy, or our souls darkened, by the sorrow or the shame that are written in black and scarlet upon so many of the pages. Still less shall we be daunted by the shadows of our own times; for now is the day of joyful hope: "The Lord is about to come, and in the morning ye shall see His glory."

And everywhere throughout the world the bells ring for the sacring of the Mass; under Peter's dome, in the cathedrals of a thousand bishops, and in a hut in Africa; in one hundred times a thousand churches, chapels, mission stations; in Europe, Asia, America, Australia. Men and women out of all nations and races and tribes, rich and poor, high and low, good and bad, celebrate the joyful vigil. And above and beyond all other things, they pray that the Christmas may bring to them and to their friends, and to the friends of their friends—yes, and the truly Christian among them must add, "and to our enemies, if so be it we have enemies"—that peace which is asked for in so many forms in the liturgy of Christmas, beginning with the first prayer of the Mass at dawn: "A Light shall shine upon us this day: for the Lord is born to us; and He shall be called Wonderful, God, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the World to come: of whose reign there shall be no end"; and which again is heard at Vespers, triumphantly affirmative: "The King of Peace is magnified, Whose face the whole earth desireth."

Well may we join in that prayer of supplication and of affirmation, we Catholics, for ourselves and for those not of the Faith; for indeed it is peace we desire, peace that we and they so sorely need; that peace which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away. For it is Mother Church that bids us pray, and prays with us, and prays for us—Mother Church, the pillar and the ground of the truth; Mother Church who knows whence we came, and whither we go, and the why and the wherefore of all the tangled skein of things which we call life.

So, again, to all our readers, and to the friends of our readers, and to the friends of their friends—and to all enemies, if so be it enemies there are—we wish a Happy Christmas, a Merry, Merry Christmas, and a Glad New Year.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE PRESIDENT'S message to Congress is difficult to evaluate. On the one hand, it reveals a man struggling hard to grapple with a staggering complex of problems concerning which he can necessarily have gained only a limited knowledge. On the other, it expresses the mind of one of the most unsuccessful of American politicians.

Inevitably the resultant mixture will be satisfactory to few. Look for the kernel of Mr. Hoover's thought and you come upon the sentence: "Business depressions have been recurrent in the life of our country and are but transitory." This note he repeats whenever an opportunity presents itself. It is the key to his mind as a President. At first the depression was supposed to last six months; then it was a question of another year; at present the sunrise has apparently been postponed for another two anni Domini. Such thinking

justifies conservatism. We need no fundamental change: no unemployment insurance, because generosity has provided for the poor; no revision of the tariff, because the tariff has been advantageous; no greater program of public works, because some ten million persons already live by virtue of the federal government; no amelioration of prohibition, because "for the first time in the history of our major economic depressions there has been a notable absence of public disorders"; no government intervention, because that is un-Republican. Indeed, what we require is confidence; and even that would be unnecessary if it were not for the constant unsettling "shocks from abroad." The chief spurs to this confidence are federal financial stability, and centralized readiness to cope with monetary emergencies. To safeguard the first, greater tax receipts are needed; to assure the second, Mr. Hoover proposes the reestablishment of the War Finance Corporation.

ALONG comes the budget message to indicate the tenor of the administration's practical thinking. At first sight the figures seem quite drastic and the number of levies exceptionally large. Doubtless there will be a good deal of excitement before Mr. Mellon's recommendations, restated in part but accepted in essence, are actually put into effect. What really matters is that our tax policy has been allowed to drift into an impasse. The budget was not balanced last year or this year. Even under the new schedules, balancing will be out of the question until 1934. This lapse is due, of course, to the theory that the depression was an ill wind that would merely last a night or two. It has established, under the existing chaotic conditions, the theory that the federal government is not obliged to make both ends meet. How calamitous this hypothesis may turn out to be in practice is suggested by the reflection that Congress may like to do a little spending. Of course it was only natural that the party in power should not wish to raise taxes until these were inevitable. But there you have the point. After more than two years of economic catastrophe, we have not yet got away from the belief that the national welfare is simply a matter for which one must wait, as patiently as possible, while the gamble for votes goes on. It needs no prophetic sense to realize that if the United States ever goes down, this rock will be the scene.

IN HIS recent proposal that the President suspend the Eighteenth Amendment in honor of the forthcoming Washington bicentennial, did Mr. Charles Browne, former representative and ex-mayor of Princeton, build better than he knew? "That to bring to the attention of the citizens of our glorious country"—so runs the suggested petition—"especially the newer generation, the greatness of your most worthy predecessor, you hereby declare a 200-day moratorium (one day for each year) on the Eighteenth

Amendment of our constitution, and that you further stipulate that those celebrating under this moratorium rise and drink the first of a given series to 'the memory of George Washington.'" This not only pleases the fancy; it has a parallel suggestion for the practical judgment as well. After one has done justice to the felicitous sense of history and tradition in the suave reminder that Washington was no prohibitionist, and that a heroic space of time is appropriate for the adequate toasting of a hero, after one has enjoyed the witty aptness in the linking of the Father of his Country with the father of the moratorium, there comes the sudden and inspired question: What if a moratorium were actually feasible in the talking and lobbying and organizing aspect of this unhappy matter of prohibition? Might not *that* now, at last, hasten a sane solution? Speaking as non-prohibitionists, we for one would be willing to see the extreme wets muzzled for a measurable period, if our worthy opponents would consent to the same treatment for the extreme dries. Both have done their work conscientiously and well, but perhaps the necessary time for provocation and demonstration is over. If they could both now be painlessly withdrawn from circulation, it is possible that ordinary, moderate citizens would begin to make the rational appraisal of that work by which prohibition must sooner or later stand or fall. We ourselves believe it will fall, but we would be willing to take the chance.

IT IS not precisely news that the Palestine Mohammedans remain intransigent in regard to both the projects of Zionism and the now rather Moslems Moslems tempered program of the British mandatory administration in the Holy Meet in Jerusalem Land. However, a summary of the chief resolutions adopted by the Jerusalem congress currently meeting in Jerusalem does come as a reminder of the depth of the antagonism between the two contending races, which is startling in its explicitness. This summary, as made by the correspondent of the *Times*, includes these features: "a protest to the League against the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine, and the ousting of Arabs; a boycott by Moslems throughout the world of all Jewish goods manufactured in Palestine; to broadcast to the Moslem world that Zionism is a catastrophe for Palestine; to reject the Wailing Wall commission's decisions; and to propagate throughout the world the Palestine Moslems' claims to independence." It further appears, from a perusal of the day-to-day discussions of the congress, that the Indian delegates thereto—the representatives, in other words, of that section of the Mohammedan world which has caused Great Britain most uneasiness—support the position of their coreligionists in Palestine in a quite unequivocal manner. We have before this voiced our conviction that Great Britain, between its own commitments to the Zionists and its 75,000,000 Indian followers of the Prophet, is in a situation for which no satisfactory solu-

LIBRARY

ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion can even be imagined. The Moslem congress does nothing to change our minds.

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY'S sudden death seems to close one era in the history of American poetry. There

Poetic will be no one else to take his place as
Revivalist a "preacher of the gospel of beauty" for the reason that this service was definitely circumscribed by time and place.

Lindsay's art is an almost perfect demonstration of how the individual can respond to a collective mood. The "youth movement" in the Middle West, half traditionalistic and half revolutionary, poured life into the years prior to the war and nurtured a whole literature. Lindsay's attitude toward it was summed up best, perhaps, in his couplet descriptive of the mass attitude toward existence: "Not that they sleep, but that they sleep so dreamlessly; not that they die, but that they die like sheep." The dream of rousing men to greater wakefulness through poetry became an almost "revivalistic urge" with him. Like some religious circuit-rider of the olden time, he tramped from place to place, asking nothing and taking less, reading poems and talking about them. As a craftsman he was almost humble and nearly matter-of-fact. His reading possessed originality; his art did not. Later on, when America settled down to prosperity and the spiritualistic motives of the pre-war generation were badly infected with cynicism, Lindsay still carried on, but his lack of art became more and more manifest. Naturally even some of his earlier poems—the still magnificent "General Booth Enters Heaven"—lost in savor. Time will do its effective, implacable winnowing. Just now we pause to remember the man, of whose goodness there can be no question and for whose service only he paid the price.

THE VERY real Catholicity which characterizes the historic Church founded by Christ to bring His kingdom on earth to all people is from time

Catholic to time revealed in a vista that is inspired, or focused, by some single incident. Such an incident, for us at least, as we are not all fired by the same

spark, was news in our morning papers recently of the Egyptian Minister to the United States, Seostis Sidarouss Pasha. This was a euphonious name, that to us was exotic with suggestions of a uniquely storied land, one of the first contributors to the known history of mankind. It was most impressive, therefore, to learn that His Excellency, ambassador from the oldest civilization in the Occidental world to the newest, was a devout Catholic, who immediately after presenting his credentials in Washington, had called at the Apostolic Delegation to present his respects to Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, and who on his way to this country, had visited Rome and was received in audience by the Holy Father. While in London, we were further informed by N. C. W. C. News Service, Sid-

arouss Pasha lectured on the Copts to the Society of St. Chrysostom. He is an authority on the Oriental rite and is now engaged in writing a book on the Egyptian Church. Before coming to America, the Pasha served as a judge of the Mixed Court in Cairo and occupied the chair of civil law on the Royal Faculty in Cairo, and was minister plenipotentiary to Athens, Belgrade and Brussels and The Hague. He holds the Egyptian Orders of the Medjediah and the Nile; the Grand Cross of the Belgian Crown, the Greek Order of the Phoenix, and the Jugoslavic Order of St. Sava; and is an officer and commander of the Royal Victorian Order and the Légion d'Honneur. As a final instance of the catholicity of this Catholic gentleman, it might be noted that he is fluent in six languages.

TURNING the pages of still another newspaper, this time one from England, we were arrested by a headline and a photograph which conveyed the information that the former Premier of China, Dr. Lou, was now Dom Pierre Célestin Lou, having recently finished his novitiate at the Benedictine Abbey of St. Andrew at Lophem, Belgium, and begun his studies for the priesthood. On another page of the same paper, we read of Monsignor Peter Francis, a native, who was recently appointed Bishop of Kumbakonam, India. His Lordship, we were told, was consecrated in a huge Indian pandal, a picturesque structure erected in the open square before the church. The article was enhanced in interest by a photograph which had been supplied by the Fides News Service in Rome. These incidents, removed from each other on the globe and through centuries of human development in the formation of the cultures that divide mankind, were yet united by common spiritual ties, common spiritual affirmations and aims, Catholic in the highest sense.

HONOR is not necessarily the aim or the best reward for devoted and unselfish service; nevertheless it is gratifying when there is public recognition

Gold and honor paid to such service.
Crosses The recent bestowal by the Holy Father of gold crosses "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" on three officers of the Catholic

Boys Brigade of the United States was one of these happily stimulating occasions. The record of these men as contained in the petition of the director general of the brigade to the Holy Father, is, we believe, in its factualness, a valuable example of generous living. It was as follows: "Mr. John J. Morris served for fifteen years, partly as secretary general and lately as quartermaster general, supervising and directing all business of the brigade. Mr. Francis L. Adrian served during fourteen years as treasurer. He attended every meeting, transacted all financial business and added considerable donations to the treasury of the brigade. Dr. Thomas F. Maguire acted as surgeon general of the brigade for more than thirteen years, attending all major athletic field-days, reviews and board meetings.

He also instructed the leaders in first aid and hygiene." THE COMMONWEAL salutes these men, and through them all the other men and women who quietly and unselfishly, year after year, add to the abundance of their living works of practical charity. And certainly one of the most practical of these works is not necessarily in the succor of distress but in the preventive work done by such agencies as the Boys Brigade.

IT IS an interesting and satisfying announcement that Holy Cross College, at Worcester, Massachusetts, is planning a memorial room in its celebrated library to Louise Imogen Guiney. To Louise Imogen Guiney This exquisite poet is, of course, fairly the property of any institution, either American or Catholic, which wishes to honor itself by honoring her; but, as those who know her family history realize, there was a peculiarly close bond with Holy Cross, which gives this project special appropriateness. Patrick Robert Guiney, the beloved father of this child of genius, entered Holy Cross in 1858. Like many of his colleagues he later attained distinction in the Civil War—he was breveted brigadier general—and Louise Imogen Guiney always linked the two associations in her loving references to him. "My *preux chevalier* of a father," she said, "I owe all to that Holy Cross man, bless him." She herself wrote his biography for the *Holy Cross Purple* in 1896, and in 1910, before she went abroad, she had his personal library transferred to the college—"In loving memory, to my father's Holy Cross." Shortly before her death in 1920, she sent "My love to my father's Holy Cross." That the link which she so vividly and reverently preserved during her entire life should be perpetuated after her death by the college itself would be a fulfillment in the happiest tradition of human piety, even if it were nothing more. Of course, since the college is Holy Cross, we know that its corporate remembrance of her, which it now proposes to mark externally, will be touched by influences of which human piety is only the first, not the last. The memorial fund is under the direction of Father Michael Earls, S.J., who is preparing a souvenir brochure on the poet's work, which will also contain the names of subscribers to the memorial. May their name be legion!

IN SENDING out a recent catalogue of autographs, Mr. Thomas F. Madigan opines "that depressions come and go but books and art go on forever." Autographs as a Business Venture However that may be, it is certainly true that nothing bridges the distance between oneself and a favorite writer or celebrity so well as does a good letter. The sole requirement is ownership—the nearest possible counterpart of having received the letter personally. Nor are the prices so outrageous as it might seem. You can get a Father Tabb epistle with something in it for \$10.00; one by Charles Warren Stoddard costs \$5.00; and if you wish to be extravagant

though sensible, you can pay \$175 for a very personal Schiller letter. Next to the pleasure which comes with owning, there is the value of the catalogue itself. Reading through it, with careful attention to the excerpts quoted, helps to uncover a facet of history all too frequently kept from glittering. Thus Mr. Madigan's present list is particularly rich in Civil War items. Generals and statesmen pass in review, shedding light on minor but very human aspects of the great conflict. There is, for instance, Lee's letter to Meade, requesting an exchange of prisoners after the battle of Gettysburg. Some day every history classroom will possess some such letter. It fires the imagination, which in turn makes the past live.

PHANTOMS OF THE EAST

GETTING out the map of Asia and puzzling over it has once again become a pastime with serious implications since Japan has struck another historic blow in Manchuria. There on paper the huge continent lies before you; and never before was it darker, more tantalizing, to the contemplative mind. A hundred years of eager European effort associated with the names of a thousand cities seems to have come to an abrupt halt. Indeed, we may be facing the actual end of Western power in these vast countries. How much that means, even to the imagination, it would be difficult to say. Our old world which had come to seem very small, suddenly looks mammoth and mysterious again. Something like a magic axe cleaves the bark, laying bare roots of politics and culture well nigh as ancient as the stars themselves.

Regarded as a plain deal by statesmanship, the Japanese stand in Manchuria is not precisely unusual. Tokio has been committed for years, and possibly by necessity, to an expansionist program. Where are the dwellers on a tiny, volcanic isle to look for that wealth which guarantees the comfort of a great nation if not to the kind of hinterland which Manchuria is? Japan has prospected for back yards these several decades. It found a good one in the neighborhood of Mukden. Here, little by little, a flourishing economic enterprise was developed, salted down by an appeal to international procedure and safeguarded against danger by the bastions of treaties. These last in turn underwent curious vicissitudes. The Japanese were steadily bent on adding at least some inches to their stature; China obdurately tried to pry off every fresh-laid brick.

After the war, the status of the vast Middle Kingdom manifestly changed. Waves of nationalism moved over the surface of this deep, without molding the chaos into significant new shapes but revealing at least great power of movement. The Western world retreated, being too weak, too disorganized and too morally insecure to keep up what had possibly been its tradition. For the first time in modern history China won diplomatic victories in series from what is still

ironically termed Christendom. But those very victories may signify, for the time being, its defeat. Russia, faithful to time-honored czarist policies of expansion unmitigated by Bolshevik labels, planned a vast economic offensive and set its own foot squarely in Manchuria. The Japanese, irritated by robber bands and other things, marched to Mukden while their diplomats used diction long since sanctified by the cannier powers that congregate in Geneva. How will it end? Nothing ends.

Meanwhile the general drift of Japanese activity in Manchuria is pretty clear. Those not yet convinced may turn to the older test-case of Korea, and learn there much that will instruct and edify. How innocently it all began! During many, many years the small kingdom had paid tribute to China. Gradually other powers—the march was led by Japan—established friendly relations with somewhat exclusive Korea. This amity invariably had some economic accompaniment, as is after all the case in so many excellent marriages. Suddenly in 1894, Japan and China engaged in war after an incident of some complexity. The major result of this brush was the independence of all and sundry Koreans. A similar incident occurred in 1904, and proved so shocking to the Japanese that they immediately began to fire on Russia's Port Arthur. Russia was beaten. But wonder of all wonders, for some curious and inexplicable reason the ownership of Korea was transported piece by piece to Tokio, where it has remained ever since.

To those who contemplate the strangeness of Korean history—for what could be queerer than that the inhabitants of this bloom-filled land owe both their years of independence and their abiding subjugation to the self-same power of Japan?—some notion of the possibilities in Manchuria will doubtless be given. And so the memories of an American very directly implicated in the most dramatic events in Korean politics have a quite real actuality. Mr. William Franklin Sands, after having been a young diplomat laboring in Chosen for the good of the United States, became personal adviser to the Korean emperor. What happened to him and his employer is related in that spicy and unusually pleasant book, "Undiplomatic Memories," which Mr. Sands published more than a year ago. The book has received no little attention; now its genuine opportunity is here. There is no better way of reading oneself into the actuality of the Orient than by using just those books which, like Hearn's or Claudel's, take advantage of experience. To this literature Mr. Sands has undoubtedly added something both American and Oriental, permanently valuable and meanwhile pleasant.

If, however, we refer to "Undiplomatic Memories" here and now, it is because of the light it throws on what is happening these days. Manifestly the character of Western diplomacy itself has changed since 1904. The reason why the steps taken by the League to settle the Manchurian controversy have been so in-

effectual is surely this: Geneva is a machine, but a machine which fails to operate. Planned to be something quite automatic—something the weight of which will pitch almost by gravitation to the side of whatever is justice in the eyes of public opinion—it seems in practice hardly more than the abstract theory of such a weight. The personal has been eliminated, but the impersonal does not act. This point becomes quite clear if one ponders what Mr. Sands has to say concerning American neutrality in the Far East: "It is an asset to us, after all, that America is heavy and no one quite knows, ever, on whose toes that weight will drop if our balance is disturbed. Our neutrality is the basis of our original influence in the Far East." But he thinks that the reason for much of the success which attended American efforts was the wholly personal relation which existed between the diplomatic representative, in older shirt-sleeve days, and the community—both native and foreign—to which he belonged. And it may well be that one effect of the League, as at present constituted, has been the lessening of local, community autonomy in diplomatic matters. Nobody really belongs to the League, when all is said and done; certainly the League belongs to nobody.

One reason why this is so is undoubtedly Geneva's peculiar indifference to the major world alignments. Being essentially a European institution committed to the difficult task of stabilizing the world as arranged at Versailles, the League has been given neither time nor opportunity to deal with the contemporary Orient. Whatever Russia may be, it is not the country officially reckoned with at Geneva. Bolshevism must be either a menace or a state of transition between unsatisfactory older conditions and different future conditions. Obviously it cannot be the nothing with which international councils are now hypothetically dealing. Russia is easier to see in the Orient. Mr. Sands makes it clear that, in the early nineteen hundreds, Japan was ready to visualize a federation in which it would be associated with China and Korea. Then, however, representatives of the czarist government blundered into Korea, and the war was inevitable. "Anyone could know," says Mr. Sands, "that the Japanese were alarmed and angry. Anyone could know that they would not tolerate a Russian advance into Korea . . . and every move anybody made began to wear the meaning of a maneuver on the chess-board of war."

That Moscow has been involved in Manchurian affairs to an extent far greater than its economic holdings suggest, no one will deny. Some even believe that a few of the mainsprings of recent revolutions have been imported from Volga land. But if this effort accomplished anything, it was to banish non-Asiatic influence from half a continent. Against this Japan is now replying with the blunt realism that characterizes its political history. The result, from the point of view of universal welfare may not be so disappointing as would now seem to be the case. Here again it is, after all, a matter of making the best of a bad job.

SPAIN AND THE CHURCH

By M. MANENT

IT IS already known that among the first decrees of the new régime established in Spain were those whose object was the immediate laicization of the state. For this reason the authorities were prohibited from being officially present at religious ceremonies, obligatory religious teaching in the national schools was suppressed, as well as the compulsory going to Mass celebrated on saint's days and Sundays in the barracks, etc. These government measures were taken in a dictatorial manner, a few days after the proclamation of the republic, but the definite solution of the religious question was left to the Parliament.

Everybody foresaw that this problem would cause great feeling in Spanish public opinion. The political parties of the extreme Left undertook an intense anti-religious campaign, right from the beginning of the new régime, for which purpose the press and meetings were used. Numerous anticlerical journals are now published in Spain, and the language they use is incredibly coarse and vile. A few days ago Mr. Angel Samblancat, the writer, now a member of Parliament, wrote in one of these weeklies that "rather than see his two daughters in a church, he would prefer to see them in a dissolute house." The antireligious excitement culminated in May, when several convents and churches were burnt in Madrid, Valencia and Andalusia.

And now, on the religious question being presented in Parliament, the passions are again aflame and reveal all the intolerance of the Left parties which now predominate in the Cortes. It seems that some of the ministers who represent these parties, had promised the President of the Provisional Government, Señor Alcalá Zamora, to support a solution of the religious question which would not be of a persecutory character for the Church, but the fact is they have not kept their promise, perhaps because as political leaders they have been unable to control the pressure of the members of Parliament, who are moved by an undeniable Jacobin impulse.

The debate began in rather moderate terms with Señor Fernando de los Ríos, who suggested, speaking in a purely personal character, much less radical solutions than those of his party, the Socialist party, a decided defender not only of the separation of Church and State, but of the dissolution of all the religious orders and of the nationalization of their property. This extremist note was maintained by Señor Alvaro de Albornoz, Minister of Foment (Board of Trade), in a passionate and unjust speech, in which he presented all the old topics of anticlericalism. The brilliant Catholic minority bravely defended religious liberty against the intolerance of the Left, and the President, Señor Alcalá Zamora, in one of his most eloquent parliamentary speeches, admitted the

separation of Church and State, but based on a concordat with Rome, and defended the rights of Catholics with unanswerable logic. "What are the Catholics in Spain?" he said. "Majority or minority? Are they majority? Then there is no power in the name of a democratic opinion to legislate against their sentiments. Are they a minority? Then, as individual rights are established precisely as a guarantee against abuses of the state and the power, as a break on the impositions of him who governs, if they are a minority, they have a right to protection." And answering the argument of Señor Albornoz, according to whom they ought to make an antireligious constitution in the name of the will of the revolution, as an imperative mandate of those who brought about the republic in Spain, Señor Alcalá Zamora recalled to mind that free-thinkers and Catholics had collaborated in bringing about the new régime. Of the two Republican officers shot at Jaca by the Berenguer government, one of them was a freethinker and the other a Catholic who before dying wished to receive the last sacraments. "In the Huesca Cemetery," said Señor Alcalá Zamora, "a place for Republican pilgrimage, there will be a symbol, there will always be a Cross, to remember that half, at least, of the blood shed by the monarchy and the dictatorship was Catholic as well as Republican." The eloquence and logic of the President did not make much impression on the Chamber.

But the political leaders, convinced of the perils that a sectarian solution of the religious question would mean for the republic, arranged at once a more moderate formula, in which the dissolution of all the religious orders was not established, but only those that statutorily impose, besides the three canonical vows, another special vow "of obedience to authorities distinct from those of the state." This formula was defended in the Parliament by the Minister of War, Señor Azaña, who suggested, however, that he would never vote any legislation which left teaching in the hands of the religious orders.

After a long and passionate discussion, which began on October 13, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted till October 14, ending at half past seven in the morning, this transactional formula was approved by Parliament, which however previously added to it an article of great gravity by which the religious orders were prohibited from teaching. As is already well known, on this same day, October 14, Señor Alcalá Zamora resigned the Presidency, and the Minister of Interior, Señor Maura, did likewise. The next day Señor Azaña was nominated President of the Cabinet.

The intolerance of the Parliament has caused great indignation, not only in Catholic opinion, but also among freethinkers of sincerely liberal spirit, who are

partizans, not of a sectarian republic, but of a republic for all the Spanish people.

At the time of writing this, an active reaction is feared in Navarre and the Basque provinces, which are deeply saturated with religious sentiment, as for some time past the Basque people has lived in a state of constant agitation in view of the sectarian tendencies of the republic. Undoubtedly, that phrase of Señor Azaña in the first speech that the chief of the government has pronounced, "Wo to those who attempt to raise a hand against the republic!" was intended for the northern provinces, where there exists the threat of, if not armed resistance, at least a formidable popular movement of protest, under the double banner of the national liberty of the Basque country and of religious liberty.

There has been much comment about the fact that in the constitutional formula approved, the pretext given for the dissolution of the Society of Jesus is their special vow to the Holy See. An illustrious writer on the Catholic side, Reverend Carles Cardó, remarks that this disposition by which obedience to the Holy See is considered as a transgression, puts all Spanish Catholics outside the constitution, and is an unspeakable rudeness toward the Vatican, which has been treating cordially with the republic, and has concluded important transactions.

It appears that the persecution of the Jesuits has been imposed by Freemasonry, which in Latin countries is of an essentially anti-Catholic character. It is notorious that several ministers of the Spanish republic belong to Masonic sects, and some few Catholics affirm that even Señor Alcalá Zamora is a member of one, which does not seem to correspond with the ardent defense that he has always made of religious liberty, and with his repeated declarations of confessionalism. Perhaps the truth is that Señor Alcalá Zamora thought that against the Spanish Left the most effective way to protect the Catholic Church was not to defend any of her privileges, but to affirm liberty of conscience, and the neutrality of the state toward different religious beliefs.

If the dissolution of the Society of Jesus constitutes an iniquitous example of demagogic intolerance, the fact of denying the religious orders the right to teach will create very grave perturbations in the cultural life of the country. A man like Dr. Marañón (whom no one can suspect of religious partizanship), the eminent physiologist who militates politically in a party of the Left, has affirmed that this disposition is a lamentable folly, since thereby more than 65 percent of Spanish youth will be deprived of secondary education.

And the state has not enough professors, teachers, schools and financial resources to replace the teaching given by the various religious orders. So true is this, that the new government presided over by Señor Azaña, this politician who fought to prohibit the religious orders from teaching, the very next day after having approved the prohibition in the constitutional

text, had to recognize publicly that it was a great mistake. In an official note Señor Azaña says that, "as the immediate suspension of teaching on the part of the religious orders might create a conflict of public order, if any of them were to take peremptory measures to suspend their teaching work, the government would be of necessity obliged to take over their schools so that no interruption in teaching should take place."

This, then, would give us the paradoxical position of the government, by means of compulsion from the public force, obliging the religious orders to infringe a decisive constitutional text.

A Prayer for Snow

Sweet Christ Whose whiteness was
A lamb on the world's grass,
Whose coming lit a star
Unknown before
To learned astronomy,
I pray Thee send us snow,
That Christmas may be white,
And white Epiphany,
As once, even long ago
Thou saidst, "Let there be Light."

Only Saint Francis' birds,
Sweet Word of Words,
I'd have Thee spare;
Let hawthorn berries red
Be their ripe bread
In the white frosty air,
And shelter from the cold
Thy sheep, in winter's fold,
Remembering how they came,
Under miraculous skies—
Their shepherds in surprise—
Round Thee to Bethlehem.

White Host of the Mass,
As snow upon the grass
So let the Eucharist
Shrive me; nor rain nor dew
The golden summer through
Was like this frost.
Nor ever lovelier
The earth, now she doth wear
Her alb of light.
Beauty beyond all ken,
Else lost to men,
Can come in a single night.

Therefore Sweet Christ I pray
Send us Thy snow,
Till field and wild hedgerow
Besprent with May,
And every glittering tree
Sing praises unto Thee.
Holy, Holy, Holy,
The white flakes slowly
Seal my heart and blind my eyes
And light me to lost paradise.

R. N. D. WILSON.

FEARING OLD AGE

By MARIE L. DARRACH

IF YOU know of any old man or woman who is unhappy, who has lost courage to live fully, who is merely marking time till death overtakes him, or her, or if you know of a less old person who is harassed by the prevalent dread of approaching old age, call or telephone the Old Age Center and let us add you to the continually growing group enrolled in the new Social Service work of salvaging old age."

This notice has appeared at regular intervals during the past year in the San Francisco newspapers. Curiosity as to its import leads one to the Old Age Center, maintained by the People's Assembly. This is not a clinic for sick people, but a salvaging station for the ageing. It is under the supervision of Dr. Lillian Martin, one of the leading psychologists of the country, who has been called by President Hoover, the late Dr. David Starr Jordan, and others of eminence, "the most amazing old lady in America."

Dr. Martin is a woman of eighty. Fifteen years ago she lost her job as the head of the psychology department of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, for no reason but that she had reached sixty-five—the age at which professors are automatically retired. She hated to give up her work, the university was equally loath to lose her, but there was nothing to be done about it but give her a pension and the title of professor emeritus of psychology, and suggest that she spend her remaining years resting at the fireside. She took an inventory of her assets and was convinced that if she did not permit her stock to deteriorate, and kept adding to it from new experiences, she could keep in the open road as a useful citizen for some time to come. She had taught psychology for twenty years, so she decided to put her academic knowledge to practical use. At the age of sixty-five, therefore, she opened an office in San Francisco as a psychological consultant; coöperated with the leading physicians in hospital work; and later founded the Child Guidance Clinic, the first of its kind in this country, which Dr. Thom, director of the National Child Welfare Bureau, calls "one of the beacon lights in modern psychiatry." This was in 1916, and Dr. Martin is still going strong, with a program for another decade at least.

Out of her work with children grew Dr. Martin's convictions that everyone carries around within him the germ of an unhappy old age, and that if this germ is not eradicated in extreme youth it generates stubbornness, tantrums and wilfulness, which come to the surface later in life, supposedly as traits peculiar to old age. As a matter of fact they are the qualities characteristic of childhood. The belief has been that, once afflicted with old-age habits—and industry puts the time of this calamity arbitrarily at forty—a person could

never be restored to the efficiency of twenty-five. But regarding old age as a period which, like childhood, has struggles and aspirations peculiar to it, Dr. Martin applies the same method to rehabilitating the ageing which she found so successful in adjusting youth to its environment. By a system of education and reëducation, based on the scientific knowledge of the human brain, people who are actually old, who have grown old too soon, or who began to age while still young, are being rescued from boredom, obscurity and apathy. And released from the mental and physical torpor engendered by their attitude toward life, many of the faint and lagging are reëstablishing contacts, getting back into the race, and recovering happiness and independence.

During the year the San Francisco Old Age Clinic has been operating, people from all walks of life have consulted Dr. Martin. An average of only three out of every two hundred and fifty who have sought her advice in solving their old-age problems have been happy. The rest were bitter, discontented, vengeful or included in the group that just "sat," dumbly resigned to their fate. Rich old ladies living in exclusive hotels or on the bounty of their children; poverty-stricken specimens of humanity barely existing in workhouses; doddering dandies from their window seats in smart clubs; mussed and wrinkled mendicants who sun themselves on park benches; spinsters, some boasting of economic independence, others in the rôle of poor relations, have all appeared at the clinic bewailing their fate. The majority of these have been reconditioned and are now living happy—instead of miserable—lives.

As important as restoring happiness to those who have lost it, or never had it, has been Dr. Martin's achievement in restoring to industry large numbers of men and women who had been retired arbitrarily because of the appearance of old-age symptoms—slow motion, lack of attention and loss of memory. Also, as the psychological consultant of a large manufacturing company in California, she has been able to stabilize the morale of the workers and by stimulating their mental activity has kept them up to a high point of efficiency in spite of advancing years. She is slowly but effectively convincing industrialists that to scrap men and women at a stated age—as has been the custom—and so discard a vast amount of valuable human material, is a great economic waste. She was the sponsor for Henry Ford's remark: "If you took all the experience and judgment of men over fifty out of the world, there wouldn't be enough left to run it."

I myself was responsible for easing one case into the presence of Dr. Martin. He had lost his job as a factory manager at the age of fifty, because his employers had considered him too old to hold the position

longer. This was all they had against him at the time of his discharge. But five years of idleness and resentment had played havoc with him. From the moment he had been let out, he had stopped living. He did nothing but harp on the past; blame younger men for depriving him of his rights; sneer at the personnel directors of up-to-date manufacturing plants for turning his kind away, instead of putting a proper value on their services. And those who knew him best had come to have an uneasy feeling that industry was justified in considering him a "has been." Even though he seemed physically fit to meet the demands of an eight-hour-a-day job, it was obvious that his mental state was deplorable. He was too talkative; not any too accurate; suspicious, fault-finding and thoroughly unpleasant. Prospective employers branded him as too slow in mind and body, too set in his ways, and totally lacking in initiative. His malady, diagnosed as "old age," was supposed to be incurable.

Dr. Martin knew that, with personal effort, self-discipline and perseverance, he could bring himself back to the standard demanded by modern business. A survey of his industrial record showed that he had once been a most efficient workman, who had been advanced rapidly from one position to another on merit. He was given an examination to determine how much he had deteriorated mentally and physically. A test of the inclusiveness and promptness of his action disclosed that his memory had really gone to pot. His conversation was concerned with factory methods of thirty years ago. He was glaringly inaccurate about present-day occurrences, though he reminisced with confidence of past events. His attention and observation were far below par, and his physical movements had slowed down.

A program was outlined that would include proper psychotherapeutic treatment for overcoming his handicaps. Instead of being allowed to harp on the past, he was kept in a conversational channel that permitted of daily discussions only of what he had actually observed within twenty-four hours. He was encouraged to read his newspaper thoroughly, and to repeat what he remembered having read on the front page each morning. On the advice of the clinic he joined a hiking club which tramped short distances into the country. Part of his treatment was to walk the dozen blocks between his house and the clinic every day, instead of waiting for someone to give him a ride.

In an incredibly short time much of his lost spontaneity had returned, and through a continued and persistent course of mental rehabilitation his output was brought back to a point that surpassed that of his prime. He had shed his old-age disabilities as a snake does its skin. He hardly seemed the same man when he again asked for a job. While he was not given his old position as factory manager, he was returned to the organization in another capacity. And with his confidence restored, with all the mental and physical slack that had caused criticism taken up, and with his

wealth of experience possessed by none of his youthful competitors, the chances are that he will again work himself to the top.

During the past fifteen years, to keep herself mentally and physically fit for her job, first in the Child Guidance Clinic and now in this original development in the field of adult education, Dr. Martin has put herself through a more strenuous régime than she imposes on those who consult her at the Old Age Clinic. She has made a trip around the world, flying all through Central Europe, and traveling in the most primitive fashion for thousands of miles in Russia; written several books on the psychology of youth and old age; lectured to California business men on the trade possibilities in the Orient; acted as clinical psychologist in several San Francisco hospitals; and learned to drive an automobile. All since she was retired at sixty-five.

Last year at the golden jubilee reunion of her class at Vassar, Dr. Martin urged the women assembled there from all parts of the country to make this old-age problem their own. She pointed out that self-education is the foundation upon which this new work of salvaging the ageing is based. Her argument was so convincing that the trustees of the college voted a liberal appropriation to make this branch of adult education a course of study at Vassar.

The Symbol

On a high inaccessible peak stood an old castle inhabited by monks.

Valleys lengthened away from it on every turn,

The hemlocks, no matter how tall they grew, only swept as a boiling sea of green in the winter winds beneath the craggy summit.

And the first thin falls of the river flowed like a grey wound from the side;

All the sky was visible, a great dome traced with patterns by a mighty finger.

It was the eve of the Nativity.

On this night in the stone halls there were early tapers coming, and chill, sandaled feet.

In the vaulted refectory with their food before them all smoking with a watery fragrance, the monks sat waiting for something, a signal perhaps, a sign . . .

A bundle of straw rested beside each place.

All the old monks, their chins on their scapulars, appeared to take the same attitude, doubtless from ennui of repeating worn customs

Endlessly while their thoughts were as eagles for God.

And the young monks were waiting too,

They watched the windows eagerly,

The dusk became greyer and faded.

When on the rim of the world the moon will rise, or the first great star,

A novice will point to it. . . .

Only then will supper commence

Each looking sideways from time to time at the symbol of straw.

ANNE RYAN.

THE VANISHING INDIVIDUAL

By ELMER MURPHY

BACK in 1919, when governments released from the bondage of war, were setting out to reconstruct civilization after a new political pattern, His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, said in the course of an address on "The Reasonable Limits of State Activity": "Over against the constant

and universal tendency of the sovereign power in the state to enlarge its dominion and to invade the rights of its subjects stands another tendency just as universal, the tendency of the people to defend their liberties and to restrain the encroachments of their oppressors. Thus has an age-long strife ensued—the strife between democracy and despotism, between the freedom of the individual and the supremacy of the state."

As this is written, a reviewer in the New York Times, commenting upon Waldo Frank's "America Hispana," with particular reference to the lack of sympathy between the people of the United States and the peoples of Latin America, said: "Mr. Frank comes closer to it than anything else in his constant evocation of the philosophic Catholic acceptance of life and high value of human dignity which gives a comparative spiritual restfulness to all parts of the Hispanic American world, in contrast to our own mass production of physical happiness resting on a Protestant subordination of individual human spirituality."

The point of these two quotations is that the individual, after the lapse of centuries, is still fighting with his back to the wall. Getting rid of tyranny has not been so simple a matter as decapitating a tyrant. Absolute kings and princes have gone into the discard, but absolutism marches with confident tread. Man, as man, faces a widening battle front. On the economic side, he is struggling to escape becoming a cog in a vast industrial machine over which he has no direction or control. On the political side, the expanding state is reducing him to the level of a statistical unit. On the social side, his status is becoming fixed more by his membership in a group or class than by his individuality.

John Jones finds it more difficult to stand on his own feet as an honest, intelligent and industrious human being, a friendly neighbor, perhaps the father of a family. His place is determined by the fact that he is a vice-president of the First National Bank, a member of bankers' associations, therefore a capitalist. He is probably sympathetic with the vested interests and cares little about the corn belt. A bank examiner passes upon the loans he makes to his neighbors, of whose character and integrity he is much the better

Is the individual gaining or losing ground? In the following paper, Mr. Murphy replies by saying: "John Jones finds it more difficult to stand on his own feet as an honest, intelligent and industrious human being, a friendly neighbor, perhaps the father of a family." Why? The writer feels that with the close of the World War an era of experiment with the collective idea began. European nations were most directly affected, but the situation reveals itself patently in American life as well. Perhaps the individual, with his back to the wall, has just begun to fight back.—The Editors.

judge. He is forbidden to drink wine. A substantial part of his earnings is appropriated for building highways and teaching farmers' wives how to bake bread. He is becoming, in other words, less plain John Jones, an upright God-fearing man, rejoicing in his work and the reward it brings, and

more a social, political and economic unit bearing the label which designates his place in the colossal mechanism builded to direct the common destiny.

When time clears the perspective of today, the close of the World War will probably seem as the beginning of an era of political experiment in the field of collectivistic enterprise. Government did not sheathe its sword to return to the plowshare. Having marshaled its resources to fight the war, it continued to marshal them for the tasks of peace. The individual soldier was not allowed to go back to repair his shattered fortunes and his neglected home. He was redrafted for the work-battalions to advance the well-being of the state. The war was fought for democracy, and democracy emerged from the conflict, not overborne with a sense of the havoc that had been wrought, but flushed with the elation of victory and contemplating greater victories. It set out to banish forever the evils of the bad old world which had led up to the holocaust and in so doing stepped into the shoes of autocracy.

Russia led the advance. It decreed the complete suppression of the individual. Men and women ceased, in theory, to be human beings able to think their own thoughts, do their own tasks, have their own friends and pray to their own God in their own way. They became mere impersonal numbers in a preordained five-year plan. Some were needed in the lumber camps, some in the mines, some on the railroads. Personal inclinations, home, friends, weighed nothing in the balance. The worst and the best of them stood on the same level. They were workers for that nebulous entity, the Soviet State.

In Italy Fascism charted its course by the same monstrous philosophy. Individual hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, inaptitude and skill, were professedly merged in one great design, the advancement of the neo-Roman state. Italy did not go as far as Russia, but it followed the same road.

In Europe, generally, the same political gospel was preached. It was not the harsh, relentless gospel of Russian Communism, which tore fathers from their families and confiscated their meager possessions. It held out, rather, the comforting message that the

homeless were to be sheltered, the destitute fed and clothed and the idle protected against the threat of starvation. But this blossom flowered on the same political stalk as Communism and Fascism. All were rooted in the same soil. To say that it is the obligation of the state to feed and clothe its citizens is merely another way of saying that the citizen exists for the state. From feeding and clothing them is but a short step to assigning them the tasks they shall do. Whether the state takes from a citizen his responsibilities or his goods whether it loads him with benefits or with chains, it is circumscribing his freedom and encroaching upon his right to make the most or the worst of his own existence. Even the Communist, through the haze of oppression, robbery and wholesale murder, sees a vision remarkably similar to that of the collectivist in any other country who looks to the happy day when government will banish poverty and privation and shelter its citizens against the vicissitudes of an unfriendly world. In either case, too, the piper must be paid—by taxation or confiscation.

To the general rule Great Britain was no exception. Before the war it had embarked upon a program of social benefits, the first of which was hailed as establishing forever the new principle—that it is the obligation of the state to care for its citizens. "From that day [1911] to this," Sir Ernest J. P. Benn observes, "every political party has been vote-catching with the bait of insurance benefits." The eclipse of the individual in the British theory of government cannot be laid at the door of the Labor party alone.

What of the United States? Fortified by a federal constitution and a sound political tradition, the realm of individual freedom—freedom to think and work, to suffer and rejoice, to build one's future in one's own way—has remained more nearly inviolate than anywhere else in the world. But it is under constant attack. The habit of bureaucracy has taken hold of American politics. In increasing measure government is called upon to supervise and direct the activities of the individual, to prescribe his diet, to mold his environment, to relieve him of common responsibilities. He is urged by the bland voice of politics to lean more heavily on the state and more lightly upon his own resourcefulness. He is encouraged to believe that his lot is made more by external circumstances and less by his own effort. Drunkenness is a collectivistic, statistical crime, not an individual shortcoming.

Perhaps the way for this metamorphosis of the state and the submerging of the individual has been paved by economic and social changes. Mass production has played its part, and to prevent the workers from becoming automatons in a vast mechanized plant and to preserve and develop the skill, the perseverance and intelligence which are personal traits, is one of the most perplexing problems industry faces. Henry Ford might have raised the status of a hundred thousand workers, but if it was done by shutting the door upon the energy, the initiative and the desire for accomplish-

ment of the individual wage-earner, the value of the sacrifice may be questioned.

In his own defense, it may be said, the individual has taken up the same kind of social weapons. Too often he has attempted to escape his own responsibilities by transferring them to an organization. Membership in a brotherhood affords the indifferent trainman a sense of security. The shirker relies upon his trades union to protect him against retaliation. At this moment many business men are demanding that the government or the Chamber of Commerce or some other collective agency rescue them from the depression which, in many instances, they invited. The individual leans upon the organization of which he is a member; the organizations lean upon the legislative blocs; the blocs, in large measure, shape national policy.

The world is now reaping the harvest of this philosophy. Government, or the state, is attempting to mold in increasing degree the lives, the habits and the destinies of its individual citizens. It is assuming, under cover of benevolent interest, autocratic powers. It is taking increasing toll of the fruits of labor and industry to apply them to the carrying out of its collective designs. It is even threatening to use the industry of the people to force other industry to conform to its aims.

It is not necessary to go to Russia for confirmation of the truth that such a course leads to great suffering and distress. Europe is a battleground of warring economic states which have taken over in large measure from individual enterprise the control of trade.

Efficient Germany may be taken as an example. The pass to which the new collectivistic philosophy has brought it is indicated by Hjalmar Schacht, former president of the Reichsbank, who writes: "Thirty percent of the entire industrial population of Germany are today government officials in one form or another, or work in enterprises upon which the national, state or local government exercises a decisive influence. Thirty percent of the industrial population of Germany are therefore immediately dependent for their livelihood upon public and political corporations. For industry this means that the inspiring struggle to obtain the maximum product of economic success gives way to the ruinous thought of crawling into public charity. It means that the struggle to make one's personality have meaning and value gives way to running along with the party. . . . Men whose entire effort was once devoted to taking care of themselves are made into mere political officials; men who were once dependent upon the product of their own activity become people for whom those who still accept economic risks must help to provide; men who hoped to rise and make themselves count as a result of distinguished achievement become indifferent mechanical workers who insist upon their politically guaranteed rights."

Closer scrutiny might reveal the same evidence of decay in the moral fiber of the individual whose course of conduct is not based on a lively personal sense of right and wrong but on a legislative decree. Perhaps,

too, the growing scorn with which youth surveys the various attempts to set up collectivistic conventional moral standards as a substitute for individual character might be traced to the same source.

In the turmoil of effort the world over, to create a new order by making the state rather than the individual the arbiter of human progress, by transferring to government the prerogatives of the citizen, Cardinal O'Connell's philosophy comes like a refreshing breeze out of the past. "Always," he said, "is the recognition of God the strongest and surest safeguard of popular liberties. For religion emphasizes the divine origin of man and his immortal destiny; it

insists upon those sacred and inalienable rights which man has received from his Creator and upon which no state can with justice infringe. It teaches the fundamental truth that all men before God are equal, that all are children of a common Father, and that all are, therefore, brothers. This teaching is at the very root of civil and political liberty. It guarantees to the citizen the fullest measure of legitimate freedom, and when it becomes a working principle in the lives of the ruler and the ruled, tyranny and anarchy find no reason for existence. So long as man is spiritual in his nature and undying in his destiny, he must be more than a mere puppet of the state."

MEDICINE AND PRAYER

By JOSEPH J. STAHL

THE present Sovereign Pontiff has sounded a call for increased corporate sanctity among the faithful through organized Catholic Action. To this paternal summons no group, particularly no professional group, can fail to respond. Some companies of these organized Catholic lay apostles already in the field are various Catholic guilds of physicians, nurses, lawyers, dentists and actors. The mere organization of such groups is a powerful weapon for good; it is an excellent counter-thrust to the statement that only unintelligent men and women are Catholics.

Individual religious growth and organized coöperation in line with the papal suggestions are the objectives of all these associations. This is particularly well illustrated in the aims and activities of the St. Apollonia Guilds. The first of these was formed in Boston through the zeal of Dr. Frederick A. Keyes and the generous support of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell. The St. Apollonia Guild is an organization of Catholic dentists. As stated in its constitutions, it has a threefold purpose: "To advance and strengthen its members in their Catholic faith; to foster and uphold principles and ideals becoming them as members of the dental professional; and to serve as a stimulus and outlet for works of Catholic charity in line with their profession."

In the St. Apollonia Guilds the better knowledge and understanding of Christ and His Church are developed principally through the closed retreats annually promoted for their members. Through such spiritual exercises they learn to appreciate more fully the relationship between creature and Creator; they come to realize that, as Christ stated, here on earth His Church shall always have opposition, and that though the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, yet final victory is assured through the coöperation of creatures with the Will of the Creator. The guildsmen, therefore, endeavor to be zealously concerned at all times with the ultimate victory of Christ's Church.

Talks by Catholic leaders on devotional, scientific

and apologetic subjects and various problems of the day also augment the guild members' knowledge and appreciation of their religion, and clergymen are invited to guild meetings for consultation and conference. By all these media the Catholic dentist is helped to build up and supernaturalize his professional life, thus developing the apostolic spirit and serving God's cause through Catholic Action. His professional skill expended on the needy in true Christian charity is a superb offering.

An instance is the Boston guild's charitable work for poor parish-school children. The Boston record shows that annually 40,000 parish-school pupils in the vicinity are examined by members of the guild, while those needing dental attention and unable to pay for it have the work done without cost at the Forsyth Dental Infirmary. In ten years 300,000 children have been thus examined and 125,000 have been treated.

Other guilds undertake similar charitable work: some, as the Buffalo guild, in caring for children in the homes and orphanages; others, as the New York guild, through educational work in oral hygiene in the religious normal schools and over the radio.

In other ways, too, all these dental groups reach their common objectives, by following a program of practical Catholic Action. At the annual national convention of the Federated Guilds of St. Apollonia, held in Buffalo, November 8 to 9, under the patronage of Bishop William Turner, were representatives from Washington, Boston, Rochester, Cleveland, St. Louis, New Orleans, Toronto, Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago and elsewhere. Dr. William N. Cogan, dean of Georgetown University Dental School and president of the Federated Guilds, presided.

The stories of the physicians' guilds, the lawyers' guilds and other Catholic professional groups is much the same as that of the dental guilds. They are all in the front line of Catholic Action. But what of the gaps in the line? There is a place there for every profession, every trade, every group of people.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By FELIX KLEIN

IT IS now nearly nine months since Mary, the daughter of Joachim and Anna, received the celestial message, and, with her consent, the Eternal Son of God has become incarnate in her chaste body. Joseph, her betrothed husband, enlightened by an angel regarding this great mystery, has admitted her to his dwelling according to the ordinary marriage rites of the Jews. With what respect he treats her, with what piety he adores the Divine Presence within her! Gladly he would cry, with Elizabeth, "Whence has this honor come to me, that the Mother of my Lord should enter into my house?" But it is by silences and by glances only that they two express their emotion, when they think of Him Who has already been confided to their care. Their feelings are too profound for utterance in human speech.

An event for which they are in no way responsible, but which corresponds to the secret designs of Providence, will make them leave for a time their peaceful home and the tranquil existence at Nazareth. The Emperor Augustus, acting upon a project of Julius Caesar's, has undertaken to measure the entire Roman Empire, so powerful and so vast that it is known as "the inhabited world." A universal census is to reveal all its resources; and soon Augustus himself will be able to set them forth in a book which shall bear this ambitious title: "Breviarium Imperii" (Compendium of the Empire). Judea, although at the moment under the fictitious reign of Herod, is not to escape the general inquest. At the same time its special customs will be taken into account, and the list prepared by families or tribes, and not by individual residence.

Joseph, being "of the house and family of David," had to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem, the little Judean city where the Holy King was born, and where the records would be preserved. It was at least a four days' journey, partly across the plains and partly over the hills. It was winter; and for those who could not afford wagons or litters, but only the aid of an ass, travel could not fail to be fatiguing. It must have been the more so for a woman approaching her time. Nevertheless, Mary courageously decided to accompany her husband.

Two leagues south of Jerusalem, mounting continually, they reached their journey's goal. Before them, on its crescent-shaped heights, Bethlehem presented its amphitheatre of white houses. At the entrance of the city, wide open, stood the Khan, the great lodging-place for travelers and their mounts. Joseph, happy in the thought that Mary would be able to rest, hastened to accost the innkeeper. But, in the simple yet poignant language of the evangelist, "there was no room for them." Joseph looked at Mary sadly. She maintained her habitual peace; no shadow of disquietude disturbed her tender abandonment to Providence. Without a word of complaint they took up

their way, finding it quite natural, in view of the census crowds, that there should be no room left, or even that if there were a little, it should be reserved for those who were richer than they.

A little beyond the last houses, they found shelter in a grotto which served as a place of refuge for shepherds and their flocks.

What a dwelling for the Divine Guest Who was about to appear! But after all, is it not what suits Him best? The King of Heaven has no need to shut Himself up, in return for money, inside human constructions. He will be more at home in a refuge made by His hands alone, and frequented only by humble creatures. And since by His doctrine as by His example, He is to correct the false conception of worldly values, it is well that from His birth He should teach detachment, poverty, humility. That wealth alone will suffice Him which He assures to all the new-born of men: a mother's heart, arms and breast.

"While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, came down from heaven and from Thy royal throne." In commencing thus the Mass for the Sunday within the octave of Christmas, the Church has given to the old text of the Book of Wisdom an infinite depth of meaning and of poetry. Whether it is a question of Rome, of Greece, Egypt, Persia, India, or of the barbarians and the peoples then unknown, everywhere the truth was silent, everywhere paganism darkened and stupified the souls of men. Scarcely, here and there, did some remnants of the primitive Revelation pierce with uncertain ray the universal night, and even in Israel itself the Messianic hope had almost wholly deviated from its ideal.

But, as we are reminded in the dawn Mass of Christmas Day, "The light shall shine upon us this day." According to the words of Isaiah, "A Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace."

Now between Bethlehem and the nearby desert, above the sparse pastures where shepherds watched their flocks, suddenly a great light appeared, and the glory of the Lord shone about them, filling them with fear. And an angel appeared, and said to them: "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings, which shall be a great joy to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall serve you as a sign: you shall find a little child wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger." And immediately there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will."

When the angels had left them, returning into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see the event which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us."

"The event which has come to pass," the glory of which was to radiate far beyond this miraculous night, all that is called "the Gospel," is that "the time being accomplished that Mary should be delivered, she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger."

Such was "the Saviour, Christ the Lord," in a word, the Messiah, of Whose reign the angels had just announced the beginning.

The faith of the shepherds was not disappointed. Arriving at Bethlehem without delay, and having found Mary and Joseph with the Infant lying in the manger, they recognized the truth of what the angel had said; and they began to glorify God for all that they had heard and seen. Their docile alacrity was well rewarded; in the swaddled Child lying on the straw, their intuition, aided by grace, recognized the Expected of Israel, and they knelt before Him filled with wonder. They had to leave Him, however, toward dawn, and return to their waking sheep. The people whom they met, going early to work, learned from them with astonishment the marvels of that glorious night. And Mary, the happy mother, kept all these words, all these memories, pondering them in the depths of her heart.

Even more than the shepherds, she remained in wonder, in adoration, before the new-born, overflowing at once with tenderness for her Son and with respect for her God. Who can ever fathom the sentiments which she experienced in giving Him to the world, in taking Him in her arms, in wrapping Him in the swaddling-clothes that she had prepared, in giving Him, trembling, her breast for the first time? Saint Joseph, on his knees beside them in ecstatic contemplation, could find no words to express his joy, his gratitude, at being chosen to serve them.

And all succeeding generations shall come to bow before the ineffable Being, so little and so great, Who lies there in a manger on a little straw, possessor at once of the Divine nature and the human nature, uniting them mysteriously, yet exhibiting them, distinct, each clearly: God manifestly by the power of that which He is to do and the splendor of that which He is to reveal; yet one of us, too, as He will appear in His life in Galilee and in His death on Calvary; as He appeared that night, in His weakness and baby charm, in the arms of His young mother, the Child-God!

My Light

No one can take away my light,
The torch that God has given;
And when my angel comes to me,
And when my soul is shriven—

This little torch, this little light,
Is all I'll take to heaven,
And how I hope, and how I pray,
My many sins 'twill leaven!

ANNA MOODY.

THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

THE OPEN fire on the hearth dates back to England. The Indians had their open fires and an abundance of fuel, but probably not until the English came here was the brick fireplace with backlog, forelog and kindlings known in this country. In Great Britain at that time, wood was already becoming scarce, peat and coal being destined to take its place; but here the early settlers had more than enough and the fireplaces were designed accordingly. The lavish use of it for fuel, together with the wasteful method of clearing land for farming by felling or girdling the standing timber, allowing it to stand for a season and then setting fire to it, was overdone and, by the year 1800, wood had become a great deal scarcer in the Northwestern states than ever before or since. Native peat was dug and dried to take its place, as it was in Ireland, Scotland and England, but was found to be of such inferior quality as to be of little value.

Later the use of anthracite coal from Pennsylvania saved the forests, so that now there is a larger area in the Northeastern states covered with woods than at any time in the last century, though most of it is still too young for anything but second-grade fuel. Today anyone living in the country may have an open fire, and no other source of heat is quite so satisfactory during spring and fall or on chilly summer evenings. On bitterly cold winter days it makes an excellent addition to the furnace, and where hot-air furnaces are used it is at times an actual saving of fuel, for the draft up the chimney draws the heat into the room even against a roaring northwester without driving the furnace so hard as would otherwise be necessary.

In the average wood-lot are trees of a dozen or more different varieties, no two of them just alike as regards heat-giving properties. Some are best at one time or season and some at another, but only after a half-century of interested observation, have I learned that more depends on the age of the individual tree than upon the variety.

Was it King John who said, "Old wood to burn. Old wine to drink. Old friends to love"? Wood of almost any sort of less than half a century's growth is of inferior quality, and its value increases with the age of the tree, until dry rot sets in. It is unquestionably well worth while to thin out your wood-lot, cutting away the inferior trees wherever they are overcrowding those of better growth, and getting in this way a fair quality of summer firewood, while at the same time increasing the value of your standing timber. But if you are looking for wood superior to the best grade of anthracite coal, choose hickory, white oak, rock maple or beech which is just beginning to die at the top; even elm, if of long standing, is excellent for a slow, lasting fire where no intense heat is required.

While the old growth timber lasted, and the farmers were selling pine for ship timber, and white oak, cherry, black birch and curly maple for furniture, the tops and rough wood from these giant trees gave them fuel which could not be surpassed; but the second growth which came up in its place required months of outdoor seasoning before it would burn readily, and even then could not be depended upon to hold a fire over night.

In front of my house stands a great elm which has been there for two centuries. Last March a southeasterly gale with snow broke down one of the main branches right across our driveway. I worked at it with axe and crosscut saw, sledge hammer and wedges for several days before the driveway was cleared. I estimated three cords of rough wood from that one branch. The twisted fibers crossing and recrossing around over-

grown knots and forks rendered much of it impossible to split, but I succeeded finally in reducing even the worst of it to backlog dimensions.

Wood from young elm has to season for a year or more before it will burn decently, and even then makes rather unsatisfactory fuel, but this two-hundred-year-old wood—though alive and surmounted with green foliage the previous summer—as soon as it was cut, burned freely either in fireplace or furnace. On a Thursday afternoon, the last of March, I had put two big chunks into the furnace, when the weather turned warmer and we decided to let the furnace fire go out and trust to the fireplace for the rest of the season. Saturday afternoon—forty-eight hours later—I went down to clear out the furnace, but found it still too hot with glowing embers. This fall, whenever we need a fire on the hearth, we just put on a backlog of this same elm, with rough gnarly split sticks in front, and with no other kindling than a newspaper it will start at once and burn all the evening without additional fuel. Twenty-four hours later we have only to put on more wood to have it start up of itself.

I am writing this on a chill November Monday morning, and in the fireplace behind me still glows an elm backlog which has been burning there since Saturday noon.

Red oak is generally held in low esteem as compared to white oak for, until it has reached maturity, it is so full of sap at all seasons of the year, as to require long exposure to wind and sun before it will burn. Yet I must admit that I have always regarded the narrative of one old Hampton resident as an exaggeration. He told one of my neighbors that his grandfather made a red oak mantelpiece which sizzled with sap whenever there was a fire beneath it, for several generations of his family. Then the farmhouse caught fire and burned down, and there among the burning embers that red oak mantelpiece still sizzled with sap until the ashes around it were cold. On the hill in my pasture stood two white oaks, one of them nearly five feet through, shoulder-high from the ground. When they commenced to die at the top, I cut them down, hauled the clearest grained logs to the sawmill to be sawed into planks and timber, and cut the remainder into firewood which required but comparatively short seasoning to burn as well or better than the average young growth hardwood.

There are several other kinds of oak more or less locally common, and practically all of them are to be ranked with red oak either for lumber or fuel. The white oak is to be ranked along with the English oak of ancient fame; while the swamp white oak, yellow oak and chestnut oak very nearly equal it in quality. It is to be greatly regretted that all of these superior oaks are becoming rare, while those of inferior quality and shorter life-span are increasing. This I think is principally due to the fact that the gipsy-moth caterpillars prefer their foliage to that of almost any other tree, while the poisonous spray and dust which kills the caterpillars in the orchard, only renders the case of the forest trees more hopeless by killing the song birds which would otherwise help to protect them. Single white oaks growing up among evergreens appear to have the best chance, and wherever these are found in the wood-lot, they should be given every possible chance by cutting away such evergreens and birches as appear to be overtopping them.

Hickory is the best wood for winter, especially for stove or furnace use. One winter in war time when coal was expensive and difficult to obtain at any price, I bought three cords of hickory which had grown to maturity on a windy hillside, and never have we had the house so warm or run the furnace with so little trouble, as we did while that lasted.

Hardwood of any sort makes the task of caring for the furnace easier; that is, of course, if the furnace is adapted to its use. New fuel has to be fed into it only three or four times a day, and the ashes cleared out only once a week. In the morning without any shaking down of the ashes, a couple of sticks thrown in can be counted on to start a hot fire in half the time required by coal. Of course the wood must be well grown when cut. For the fireplace, white oak, rock maple and beech come next to hickory in heat-giving qualities, but like hickory are inclined to give off too much smoke; while elm with bright pale flame is almost smokeless. Old apple tree, when free from rotten wood, has all the merits of the others and gives off but little smoke. Black birch, yellow birch, swamp maple and ash are to be classed as hardwood, though not equal to those already mentioned, while white birch and grey birch, willow and young growth pine are suited for merely temporary fires in mild weather. With willow especially, you may have the enjoyment of a bright cheery blaze with very little heat. The common poplar or aspen—locally known as popple—is probably the least valuable wood that grows.

Of the evergreens, young white pine, as already stated, is best suited for temporary warm weather fires, either in kitchen stove or fireplace, while old-growth pine, especially that from rough, branchy bull pines full of knots and resin pockets, gives forth a beautiful red flame with plenty of heat, together with an overabundance of smoke. This is true also of pitch pine and the red or Canada pine. Thoreau speaks of "the crisp, salt crackle of burning hemlock boughs," but I think he would hardly be so reckless as to burn them in his fireplace, for burning hemlock wood, either of trunk or branch, is likely to send off a snapping shower of fiery sparks half way across the room.

The charm and companionship of the open fire is hard to analyze; it may be partly associated with the awakening memories of past generations. Probably a slight trace, at least, of the poetic sense and artistic appreciation are necessary for its full enjoyment.

Back in the nineties we occasionally saw what were then known as gas logs in country dwellings, giving out bright flame and warmth and free from smoke and ashes, but it certainly would require a keen imagination to discover in one of them even the faintest trace of the real charm of the open wood fire.

There is a living quality in the direct heat from burning wood, unobtainable from any other source, but it has the disadvantage of roasting you on one side while the other is chilled. The old-fashioned settle—a sort of high-backed, warm, padded lounge—overcame this objection to a certain extent, though it left the room behind it colder still.

For our northern winters in the country, a hot-air furnace with the registers opening up on the side of the room farthest from the fireplace is unquestionably the best arrangement, as it supplies a draft of warm air sufficient to keep the smoke from coming out into the room, and in this way does away with the necessity of admitting the outdoor air of a winter night. In the days before the furnace, the greater portion of the incoming air found its way in beneath the door and over the worn-away threshold. The snow stamped off from cowhide boots might stay unmelted on the floor, while the air higher up was warm.

My grandfather, in order to overcome this unpleasant condition of things, made two openings in the upper panels of one of the doors, and these inlets could be opened or closed to the desired extent by two quite decorative little wooden shutters. In this way the incoming draft was regulated and the fire kept from smoking, even with the corn-husk rugs shoved close up against the crack above the threshold of every door.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE TYROL

By FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS

NIGHT still envelops the white village. The high pointed windows of the church paint golden exclamation marks in the darkness, and twinkling lights answer them across the snow from all the other houses. For during the whole of Advent and especially on this day, the day of the two first holy parents, the people go quite early in the morning to "Golden Mass" with its quaint many-versed hymn of the inn:

"Oh, what joy afar to see
Bethlehem, great David's town!
Joseph, now I pray of thee
Where are we to lay us down?"

"I straight will seek, O Mary dear,
From out the crowd some faithful friend,
Who soon will find some shelter near
Where we the night may safely spend. . . .

"But one door opens at their call,
They enter in their need;
'Tis but a rough and humble stall
Where cattle now do feed.

"Dearest Joseph, be not downcast,
Let us here contented be,
God has led us here at last,
His will be done to thee and me."

The womenfolk and menfolk have their hands full with the work at home, the former with scrubbing and baking and the latter with putting up the manger with its many figures, often amounting to hundreds, which has been handed down from father to son and constantly enlarged from year to year. In the Tyrol, and especially in the secluded side valleys, this model of the manger at Bethlehem predominates over the Christmas tree which was only introduced into the towns in the fifties and sixties of the last century.

During the day a strict fast is kept, for he who fasts on the eve of Christmas, New Year and Twelfth Night (January 6), the so-called "smoke-nights," is, so they say, spared hearing the groans and chattering teeth of the damned on the day of judgment.

In the afternoon all the members of the household assemble in the kitchen. The master of the house puts some glowing embers in a frying-pan, strews healing herbs from the consecrated bush from Ascension Day, resin and incense over them and thus goes through the whole house, stables and outhouses, preceded by a child bearing a bowl of holy water with a sprinkler of box or rosemary and followed by all the others saying their beads. Every nook and corner, every pan and milk bowl is smoked and sprinkled with holy water, and for this purpose cupboard-doors and the lids of chests must stand wide open.

Finally they come to the parlor, which the master is the last to enter, when all the others are assembled; then he calls out solemnly: "Come here with your hats!" And now the servants advance according to their rank and then the family, and the men hold their hats and the women hold their kerchiefs over the smoking pan and then they quickly cover their heads with them again so that they may be as thoroughly smoked as possible.

Meanwhile the guests who have been invited for Christmas

eve have entered; they are mostly poor people who may come to tomorrow's Christmas dinner too. They must on no account come too late, as the stranger who enters while the meal is going on brings death into the house during the coming year. Now they all kneel down and pray: five times the Lord's Prayer, then Glory be to the Father and the Creed. After which they take their places, the men at the long table and the women and children at the smaller one, and say grace.

The meal begins with pea soup, followed by all sorts of milk dishes and doughnuts and last but not least, served with a bowl of milk, comes the *Blattstock* or *Fritterpyramid*, which is a pile of big fritters fried in lard and strewn with poppy seeds, over which the rest of the melted fat is poured so that it congeals and stiffens into drops and "icicles," a proceeding which is repeated all through Christmas time as the fritters get eaten up.

The meal lasts a full hour and a half. When it is over the guests depart, taking the remains with them, and the house folk set about preparing the Christmas domestic altar: a high table with a step leading up to it is covered with a white cloth and all the holy pictures and figures to be found in the house, as well as finest applies from the winter store, are arranged on it as symmetrically as possible between candlesticks and flowering plants.

Every evening till Epiphany they say the rosary in front of this altar. After this the master of the house reads aloud the story of the Nativity from Saint Luke's Gospel out of the big family Bible. And then, to the great joy of the children and the satisfaction of the elders, follows the distribution of the presents, while they all sing "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht" (Holy Night), by the light of the Christmas tree standing beside the manger.

Later on, the head of the house, making the sign of the cross, cuts the Christmas cake, and when the children have eaten their share they must trot off to bed, however hard it is to leave their *Christkindln*—that is to say, what the *Christkindl*, the Christ Child, has brought them—to get at least a few hours' sleep before they go to midnight Mass. But the grown-ups chat in the parlor or play games such as pouring melted lead into a bowl of water to see what fortune awaits them, and other oracular games. Meanwhile the master of the house will perhaps march out to the orchard and according to a very ancient custom knock on the trees and say, "Tree wake up and bear, today is Christmas eve."

Half an hour before midnight the "alarm bells" begin to ring. Then on moonless nights hundreds of lights—pieces of burning pinewood or lanterns—begin to wind down the steep paths to the church, accompanied by the merry rattling of musket shots.

At last after matins—"Lord, open Thou my lips"—on the stroke of midnight the veil falls from before the manger on the high altar, from the church tower the bells ring out joyfully, and sacred music sounds above the breathless devotion of the people. Outside mortar shots go rumbling down the valley, and at home, in the byres, the cattle, witnesses of the birth of the Infant Jesus, speak as men speak, but wo to any eaves-dropper!

In the radiantly lighted house of God the swelling tones of the organ peal forth, and the people sink upon their knees in silent adoration before the Holy Infant lying in His manger, shedding a wonderful luminous light around Him as the angel's message rings out:

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!"

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

1931—

THE GROUP THEATRE, that organization of younger enthusiasts which the Theatre Guild is sponsoring and which produced recently "The House of Connelly," has now brought to very vivid life on the stage a seering and emotionally taut play of unemployment in the year 1931. The play takes its title from the year.

I am quite ready to admit the legitimacy of some of the criticism which has appeared in the daily press to the effect that this play is a series of tableaux rather than a play, that parts of its writing are distinctly sophomoric, and that the authors, Claire and Paul Sifton, have done less well in their work than the Group Theatre in its notable production effort. It is possible to say, with complete fairness, that, in its aspects of implied propaganda, the play has the fundamental weakness of picturing in every instance the worst that can possibly happen and of selecting incidents and situations which give a very limited picture, even if it should happen to be a true one in certain cases. But after all this is freely admitted, the play, as produced, has terrific vitality and a sincerity so obvious that it compensates for many features that would be wholly inexcusable in lighter drama or in the general run of Broadway mediocrities. Moreover, the theme of the play is essentially a tragic one, since it pictures the mental, moral and physical catastrophe of a young man who is a giant in physical strength and also an idealist of a crude sort. It is not a great tragedy, for the reason common to so many plays of the day, namely, that it pictures only the forces of disintegration and shows little or nothing of that will to surmount environment and obstacles which provides the underlying theme for Elmer Rice's "Street Scene."

The boy in this play is a loud-mouthed, but rather likable trucker, who, in the first act, has a fight with his foreman and is fired. He is confident and aggressive in his physical strength and in the thought that what he has to offer is always in demand. He meets his girl in the park and they talk of their marriage "in a week or two," as soon as he has secured a new job. But the week prolongs itself into months, into an endless searching of the newspapers, into mad scrambles of four or five hundred men applying for a single job, into slow starvation, into the beating down of all pride, and into an abject acceptance of anything that will keep body and soul together. During this time, the boy and girl yield to the temptation enhanced by their despair. This is followed by a sordid history of abortion, loss of the girl's job and her own descent into the life of the streets and of disease. The boy and girl, both homeless, lose track of each other and it is not until they meet in a cheap restaurant at the very end that the full truth comes out. The boy, who has just secured his first job in months, as a dish-washer, finally throws up the whole effort in despair, and joins the mob of the hungry and the unemployed rioting in the streets outside.

From this, it is perfectly obvious that the play does not leave a stone of misery unturned, but the theme is handled with far more compassion than one might expect and, except in one or two cases, with far less cynicism and attempt at sensational points and scenes. The propaganda behind the play is entirely that of indignation. No solution is offered for the utter degradation which the "system" is bringing on the heads of thousands. The whole effort is to picture the situation through the eyes of an individual and to let facts be their own comment. The

only time when the authors pass beyond the point of a factual recital is in the scene in an alleged charity home for the unemployed, where the director is pictured as a canting religious hypocrite whose one idea is that the inmates are victims of their own sins. This entirely gratuitous fling, for which the authors might possibly claim justification from some one instance that has come under their observation, is so basically untrue of the majority of offers to bring food and relief to the thousands of unfortunates that it is a distinctly wrong note in the play.

Mordecai Gorelik's extraordinarily effective settings contribute no small part to the grim and relentless pressure of the play. He uses as a perpetual framework the two bleak walls of a warehouse, with their sliding steel doors. At times these doors are raised, so that through the framework we see the other settings of the play, the park, the Bowery streets, the dismal interiors. But the warehouse and what it implies provide the viewpoint for all, right up to the last climax when the rioting mob in front of it is mowed down by machine guns.

Franchot Tone, as the trucker, adds one more superb characterization to his rapidly growing list. He is an artist of amazing range and splendid technical equipment. A newcomer, Phoebe Brand, as the girl, is singularly moving and sincere. There is much at fault with this play in its limited viewpoint, in its lack of proportion, and in its occasional lapses from honest reporting. But it moves forward with an emotional intensity and a fire of impassioned protest all too rare in the theatre. Back of it looms enough ironic truth to shake the innermost recesses of all that smug complacency with which the mismanagers of the world look over the wreckage of their greed. (At the Mansfield Theatre.)

Bloody Laughter

THE CONTRAST between the Central European and the American mind stands out brilliantly in a comparison of the Sifton's "1931—" and Ernst Toller's "Bloody Laughter," which the famous Yiddish actor, Maurice Schwartz, is now producing in English. The Sifton play is one of facts, ironically and literally presented. The Toller play is one that seems to move inside the mind of a man, a play in which characters are felt as symbols, and in which, for all the emotional power of certain scenes, there is a prevailing intellectual tinge. The Siftons, moreover, succeed partly in reaching universals, whereas Toller is very special and limited in the theme he has used to preach against the futility of war and of man's lack of charity and understanding.

The hero of Toller's play is a physical giant who has returned from the war after recovering from a wound that has destroyed his manhood. Mistrustful even of the love which his wife still bears him, he meets the world with a growing inner fear. He takes a job as a circus freak strong man—only to be laughed at by all his old friends as his dismal secret is discovered. His wife is unfaithful to him, but tells him what she has done in an agony of repentance. He can forgive her sin, but not the fear that she too may laugh at him. Her love is not enough to save either of them, and both commit suicide.

This story is told in many short and highly imaginative scenes, and occasionally, through the dignity and power of Maurice Schwartz's acting and that of Helen MacKellar as his wife, the feeling rises to tragic proportions. But it is all

too evident that Toller, in using emasculation as the symbol of what war and the cruelty of men inflict upon the soul, has made the concrete symbol more prominent than the thing it symbolizes. It is a facile trick of the Continental mind to use heavy, leaden images for things of the mind, giving to ideas the semblance of gross realism.

In the course of this play, Toller takes revenge on nearly all the theorists of the world as well as on the kind of Christianity that the world seems to him to live. Something of the author's chaos of mind can be gathered from his statement that "the artist is responsible for the soul of society." The artist, it might seem, would do better to look to his own soul first before assuming the almighty mission of being guardian for the corporate soul of society—whatever that may be. The greatness of the artist's work rises with the growth of his humility, and not with the growth of his complex to become a messiah. (At the Forty-ninth Street Theatre.)

Springtime for Henry

LESLIE BANKS, Helen Chandler, Nigel Bruce and Frieda Inescourt are now besporting themselves in a four-character farce by that same Benn W. Levy who, last year, spread before us the tender fantasy of "Mrs. Moonlight" and the tirade against "art for art's sake" known as "Art and Mrs. Bottle." In the present farce, Mr. Levy's main character collides with a reforming young woman who, as it turns out, had shot her husband for a violation of etiquette in bringing his mistresses home to tea. After reforming himself for three months and thereby losing friends and peace of mind, the "hero" decides to resume his old ways, and ends the play by following the wife of his best friend into a bedroom!

There are plenty of intermediate passages in this farce which sparkle with Mr. Levy's best wit—passages of conversational banter which are up to the best that Philip Barry could write. The acting, too, has a crisp and all-round perfection. But I do not see that all this alters the obvious case one bit. "Springtime for Henry" simply drops automatically into that large pigeon-hole reserved for the increasing number of comedies and farces that make their climaxes loud guffaws at adultery and the spirit behind it. (At the Bijou Theatre.)

Little Women

I WISH the schedule of my existence permitted attendance at special matinee performances, above all when William A. Brady does New York the honor to stage Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" with a cast including such a charming quartette as Jessie Royce Landis, Joanna Roos, Lee Patrick and Peg Entwisle. This quartette, in order, are now playing Jo, Beth, Meg and Amy.

This, however, is the report, given me by a most sympathetic friend, of the wholly delightful revival: that the atmosphere is a bit quaint for these strenuous days (for which much gratitude) and the dialogue a bit too stilted, but that the story, itself something of much beauty, is beautifully acted, with Miss Landis's performance of Jo particularly spontaneous and moving. Beth's death is contrived off stage, yet achieves full pathos.

I am also told that the present generation of mothers may be somewhat surprised to discover a group of children who will stop squabbling the moment their mother says sweetly, "Children!", with that rising inflection that seems to be fairly punctuated by authority! In brief, Mr. Brady has given Broadway a most welcome respite from the dreary plays of the hour, and has brought back something of simplicity, charm and dignified beauty. (At the Playhouse.)

COMMUNICATIONS

GREED IS THE WITCH

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The paper by Michael O'Shaughnessy in the November 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL takes the vice of avarice seriously. This is refreshing, to say the least. Although avarice is classified in our catechisms and manuals of moral theology among the seven capital or deadly vices, its place in the average Catholic's table of sins has become tenuous and vague. To be sure, the vast majority of Catholics know that avarice means the excessive love of money, but they have come to the conclusion that the love of money in our time can never be excessive—since money may be turned to such good account. To set one's face against avarice may be a counsel of perfection; it can scarcely be an obligatory precept, and to assert, as does Mr. O'Shaughnessy, that the industrial depression is fundamentally due to evils seems sheer nonsense.

After reading Mr. O'Shaughnessy's article, I turned to the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas Aquinas and found that he devotes no less than eight articles to the subject. He defines avarice as "the immoderate love of possessing," and declares that it is a sin, and sometimes a mortal sin, against oneself, against God and against the neighbor. It is a sin against self because it demoralizes and perverts the affections, causing a man to love riches too much and his soul too little; it is a sin directly against God because it subordinates eternal to temporal goods, and it is a sin against the neighbor inasmuch as it impels men to disregard the claims of charity and to forget the proper use of wealth, and to violate justice. It is a potential root of all evil and the prolific mother of seven other specific sins. Evidently, therefore, Mr. O'Shaughnessy could easily find in the writings of the Angelic Doctor sufficient warrant for taking the vice of avarice seriously.

In his opinion, avarice has caused the existing depression, because it has impelled a comparatively few men to overdevelop the capacity of our industries, while depriving the masses of sufficient buying-power to keep the industries going. "The world is suffering from overproduction and underconsumption and the cause of both is avarice." Corporations are guilty of avarice "when they underpay or underemploy labor, overcharge or cheat the public, take business from or destroy rivals by unfair competition, and when they accumulate wealth in excess of legitimate requirements of their business and for domination, social, industrial or political." Were Saint Thomas living today, he would readily find a place for these "modern instances" in the framework of his denunciation of avarice.

The main corrective of this industrial evil Mr. O'Shaughnessy would find in a lower rate of return on capital. Undoubtedly he is right. No amount of juggling with such phrases as shorter working hours, higher wages or planned production, and no manipulation of the changes which they contemplated, can get rid of the necessity which faces capital of accepting lower rates of interest. There is nothing in the nature of things, nor in human nature, nor in the laws of economics, which makes the return of 6 percent or more sacred or inevitable. That these rates have prevailed is merely a consequence of economic power, driven by the spirit of avarice. Until that spirit is exorcised, we shall not be rid of industrial injustice nor of industrial depressions.

Finally, Mr. O'Shaughnessy is right in asserting that avarice cannot be controlled by law, and in implying that neither legislation nor voluntary agreement among business men will be able to abolish depressions. "Planned production," which is now

the favorite long-time preventive advocated by economic experts, can come about only through compulsory legislation or voluntary agreement among the masters of industry or by a combination of both. So long as the spirit of avarice is rampant, business men will not accept and obey a compulsory legal arrangement, nor universally agree to voluntary planning, nor keep such agreements as they may make in this field. "A moral awakening," says Mr. O'Shaughnessy, "is the one thing most necessary." He is right.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: Being neither a social service worker nor a statesman, my ideas may seem impossible to those who are, but thinking that they may in turn suggest to those wise ones something that is possible, I venture to present them.

Both articles in *THE COMMONWEAL*, "Too Many Breadlines" by Louis Adamic in the October 28 number and "Greed Is the Witch" by Michael O'Shaughnessy in the issue of November 4, bring out the same trait in human nature—greed. In the first instance, it is the greed of the ne'er-do-well, and in the second, the greed of the mighty.

Undoubtedly, the way to get at a difficulty is to get at the root of it. Therefore, if unemployment is made less profitable to the greedy, they will make an effort to end it.

To this end, if measures are taken to permit those who have been buying their own homes and who have lost them or who will lose them for default of payment, to retain those homes without payment during this crisis, thus making it impossible for individuals and firms to buy up this property for a "song," making themselves fat on the losses of the poor, they must of necessity place their money in other investments which will set the machinery of business on the hum again. Likewise, this should be the rule regarding taxes. In our city, according to recent information, an out-of-town firm has bought up 700 pieces of property, sold at the courthouse door for taxes. Just think, these represent the homes of hundreds of people, the savings of years, an aim for which they have worked, and without which they are going to lose some of the energy and purpose of life, and this company is taking out of the regular channels of business the funds that would help to keep these people working and striving, and using them for this ghoulish purpose. Do you think those capitalists want an end to depression, when it is so profitable to them? That is just one instance.

Regarding breadlines, if the employers of the country were required to notify the authorities of the names of those dropped from their pay-rolls, and the subsequent condition of these people was investigated, more of the deserving needy would be reached.

Then, if instead of doling out bread to the hungry, means could be contrived to use the funds gathered together by the various organizations as compensation for some kind of work done, it would prevent the ne'er-do-well from getting the major part of the spoils and give those willing to work a chance they would not be ashamed to take. Again, if this plan of providing work could be made to operate in such wise that it would make the employers, who are holding off from operating in order to reduce the employees to the dust, glad to take anything, it might have the effect of bringing them to their senses.

Such a gigantic affair as this depression has become cannot be wiped out in an instant, but if the right-minded citizens of the country, in the first place, open their eyes to the fact that this is the root of the evil, and then band together to be rid of it, a big half of the work will be done.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

MEXICO ON SUNDAY MORNING

Kansas City, Mo.

TO the Editor: James J. Walsh's article, entitled "Mexico on Sunday Morning," that appeared in *THE COMMONWEAL* on September 23, recalled to mind our visit late last winter to Mexico City.

On two Sunday mornings and on the first Friday of March we had occasion to witness the religious fervor of the Mexican people. They are most humble in church. Many men knelt during the canon of the Mass with arms extended. Even some women were seen in the same Franciscan church just around from the hotel to which Dr. Walsh referred, making their approach toward the sanctuary on their knees. In the vast cathedral before the various altars upon which the Holy Sacrifice was being offered, devout worshippers knelt in adoration.

We were present at the High Mass in this same cathedral, when the bishop sat upon his throne. There was great ceremony as the various dignitaries were escorted to and from their choir stalls. The large choir is joined to the sanctuary of the high altar by an elaborate bronze railing thus forming a passageway of at least one hundred feet in length. After the sermon, the bishop was escorted to the sacristy where he removed his robes. As he returned by way of a side aisle, garbed in simple cassock and unattended, his progress was delayed every few steps by old and young kissing his ring. Well-dressed citizens waited their turn by the side of poorly-dressed, undernourished peons, to show their respect to their bishop. The bishop looked very kindly at each and waited patiently until all that wished had kissed his ring.

All the churches we visited on Sundays were crowded. The churches have most elaborate gilt and bronze decorations. They were built long ago and some are in need of repair. Our visit occurred during the Lenten season and most realistic Crucifixions and life-sized statues of Our Lord carrying His Cross met the eye as one entered the churches. Great honor is paid to the Blessed Virgin under her many titles. Almost every church has a "Lady of Sorrows." Under this title, the statue is garbed in real widow's weeds and veil, and tears glisten on the face.

On a week day, in the basilica at Guadalupe, we saw throngs of men and women kneeling before the famous Mexican shrine with lighted tapers held in their right hands. The original Guadalupe Madonna hangs above the high altar of this basilica.

Forty hours' devotions were being held in the Rosary Chapel of the Church of Santo Domingo at Puebla. The chapel was crowded. People come from all lands to see the gorgeous Churrigueresque decorations of this chapel. It is breath-taking in its detail. At the feet of Our Lady of Sorrows fresh-cut flowers were tenderly laid by her clients to allay her sorrow.

On another day we saw members of the Third Order of St. Francis, each wearing the large brown scapular and a cord about the waist, receive Holy Communion in a body. An adult served the Mass most carefully and respectfully.

Xochimilco, sometimes called the Venice of Mexico, is a famous Sunday afternoon rendezvous. Entire families spend the afternoon gliding about the canals in a boat. They bring their lunches, banjos, etc. The framework of the boats is outlined in fresh flowers and a canvas is stretched across for shade. Beautiful flowers grow on the islands or floating gardens and merchants paddle about in small boats selling flowers and vegetables. In the restaurants along the banks, young couples eat and dance. All seems very gay and simple.

As one watches the Sunday crowds and then on week days in the country sees the peons carrying heavy loads on their shoulders and walking great distances, apparently having little

of the goods of this world and expecting less, one wonders what the source of the religious agitation is.

The churches of the City of Mexico are crowded with natives thankful for the resumption of services and the peons, though poor, seem contented. The great mass of Mexicans are true and loyal to their Catholic faith and traditions and surely they will be able to insist upon their rights of religious freedom being respected.

MARGARET C. O'REILLY.

SATAN IN PARADISE (?)

Charlestown, Co. Mayo, Ireland.

TO the Editor: In the November 11 issue of THE COMMONWEAL there is an article on "The New Irish Revolutionaries" by Sean O'Faolain. Though you protest that "regarding the nature and virtues of this we have no opinions of our own," still your commendation of O'Faolain's article is prefaced by the ominous words, "Even Paradise was afflicted with Satan."

You describe O'Faolain as "a student of Irish literature and a contributor to Irish periodicals." Why then does he display such astounding ignorance of the history of the Civil (?) War as to make this statement: "As we know the Republican extremists were not satisfied with the result of that meeting [namely when Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins met Mr. Lloyd George at Downing Street] and in a burst of unthinking dissatisfaction turned their guns on their compatriots in the Civil War." One can understand some of the swashbuckling ministers of the Free State Executive Council indulging in such baseless propaganda. I fail to fancy how a mere schoolboy who read Macready's "Annals of an Active Life" could pen that worn-out fable. From the day on which Wilson was murdered outside his door in London till the present day neither the provisional government nor its successor, the present Free State Executive Council of the Irish Free State, dare disobey the orders of Lloyd George or his successor. Let Sean O'Faolain digest that important item of information and get a new orientation for the last decade of Irish history.

In the November 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL I read: "There has been much lip-service to the ideals of Catholic Action. It is now time for deeds." Perhaps you are acquainted with the remarkable admission made on May 4, 1930, by the New York *Herald Tribune*, no friend of the Gael: "Can you imagine a beautiful island of great fertility in many parts, where for seventy-five years the population has steadily declined without a pause, going from 8,000,000 to 4,000,000 in the same time that the English population in the neighboring island, within sight on clear days, increased from 9,000,000 to 37,000,000? Of these left after these millions went west, anomaly island true to type distributes them concentrated in large numbers on the rocks of the West Coast, leaving sparsely settled the rich counties of the East."

You can study also the following picture: "Out of a population of 700 families in this parish in North Mayo, 500 holdings are under £2 valuation. Of the remainder there are not a dozen above £5 valuation, and of these there are not three with a valuation of £10 or over. There is no employment of any kind in the whole parish. In living memory so many families have not been on outdoor relief as at present, and practically every farm is mortgaged three times over to the local shopkeeper."

You have heard of the Golden Vale—the richest land in all Europe. Study the following picture, painted last year by the

chairman of the Latten and Cullen Land Settlement Committee: "Of 550 acres in the hands of one owner, who also farms 600 acres elsewhere, the Irish Land Commission gazetted only 300 acres, and of this after hearing the landlord's objection *in camera*, our application to be heard at the inquiry either directly or through a solicitor being refused, the Land Commission allowed to retain 206 acres, leaving only 184 acres or only one-third of the whole which is still the subject of inquiry and may never be acquired. And of this 206 acres, 60 acres of meadowing lie waste. Not a sod of this ranch is tilled, nor are there any milch cows, or pedigree stock on the whole area. It employs only three or four men, herds. Not a single worker. On this huge tract of fertile land, there is no work for laborer or artisan, no trade for the local village. All around the ranch, most of it created by past clearances of their relatives, live more than 100 small farmers, about 550 people on roundly 800 acres of worse land. Latten Village, in the very heart of this fertile desert has about twenty families without a plot for vegetables or grass for goat, or space for the ordinary decencies of civilized life. In God's Acre the goats find refuge. Children in this, the very heart of the Golden Vale, travel two, three and four miles for milk! Many of the small farmers who keep a cow to the acre must go long distances for meadowing and conacre. Their children drift to the towns to increase unemployment and swell the slum population, or to the emigrant ship to build up the prosperity and greatness of other lands."

In Tipperary and Limerick counties 850,000 acres of fertile territory rot in the hands of 8 percent of the people, and 350,000 of these acres consist of non-residential land.

Similar figures might be given for Roscommon, Meath, Westmeath, Kildare, etc. They will help you to fill in the details of the New York *Herald's* sketch of "millions concentrated in large numbers on the rocks of the West Coast, leaving sparsely settled the rich counties of the East."

The Irish people are too impregnated with the spirit of Catholicism to become victims of materialism and Communism. Will you not agree, however, that we have here a very favorable breeding ground for Communism? Is it in accordance with the principles of Catholic Action to have a so-called Catholic government to give us merely the hard grinding stone of coercion and little or nothing of the bread that relieves starvation? Perhaps your "contributor to current periodicals" would answer. At any rate, Ireland is scarcely a paradise—at least, the devil of Communism should naturally find his work easy. Surely "there has been much lip-service to the ideals of Catholic Action. It is time for deeds."

REV. DENIS GILDEA.

LAUDS

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: Dismay and sympathy struggled for expression in me and terminated in a prayer that Mr. Dillon receive light on the problem which he allows to harass his mind and which he voices in THE COMMONWEAL of December 9. Though neither priest, philosopher (I once thought I was), doctor, ordinand nor editor, I have set myself the task of answering him. In the first place, I think Mr. Dillon is unreasonable when he seeks an absolute solution of this problem even of the Catholic Church. The mentally diseased we will always have with us, because the world has always contained the mad as well as the wise, Lazarus as well as Dives. All sorts of argumentation possible cannot remedy this condition: it takes many kinds of people to make up the world we live in.

Those who are deprived of the use of reason do not know that their plight could be anything but what it is, hence their cares and worries (unless they have lucid intervals, which is, I dare say, usually the case) about themselves are nil. But though they cannot help themselves, they do help us, in that we are inspired to loftier works of brotherly love and more sincere acts of humility, compassion and gratitude. In short, by their sad lives they help us live better lives. On the other hand, we do all that we can to alleviate their material discomfort and pray for their spiritual welfare. And I might add that the doctrine of the Mystical Body should give the greatest consolation to those who count their own among the unfortunates, since we are all members of that Body.

And so the problem of pain in the world (Mr. Dillon's puzzle is an offshoot I believe) is perpetual, and will not be adequately clarified until we break the chains of this life. This problem, however, does not seem to me to be sufficient reason for anyone to remain outside the fold, everything else being all right. Mr. Dillon is fair neither to himself nor to the Catholic Church, since he permits this question to assume the blame for his presence outside the Church door, and because he seeks from her the solution to the riddle of pain, and before listening to what solution she may proffer, turns away with a shrug, denying the possibility of any answer.

FRANCIS GRILL.

AS TO COLLEGE TEACHERS

Tiffin, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Donald Powell quotes approvingly Walter Lippmann's sneer about the "cautious, calculating and complacent." This veneer of alliteration soon fades. Mr. Powell's assertions are too sweeping. There may be shortcomings in our Catholic schools and colleges. If so, THE COMMONWEAL under the hypocritical pretense of serving the Church will not overlook publishing the flaws—if found.

There is nothing to prevent Mr. Powell from becoming a leader—why wait fifty years? The present chance might stimulate the fine value of self-sacrifice a great leader should possess. Is it not always noticeable, since the days of Crowley, that the critics of our schools have an itch for writing?

It is not difficult to discern in the Lippmann tribe, the pharisaical wise-men, the "potentially superior," who are ever finding fault with things Catholic. Few, if any, of the critics of our Catholic colleges will ever imitate the Publican.

The maintenance of our schools and colleges strikes at the foundation of human selfishness.

It might be that a little spiritual stimulation in humility would steady the "cerebral stimulation" of the critics. It is time for the Catholic lay critic to break away from the fanaticism that breeds antagonism, and preach the doctrine of service. This duty will not require the accent of pride.

HARRY A. MCPOLIN.

BIRTHPLACE OF SAINT PATRICK

Ottawa, Ont.

TO the Editor: About a year ago I had the great pleasure of listening to a lecture on Saint Patrick by Professor John MacNeill, who is, I understand, the greatest living authority on the subject. He stated very positively that Saint Patrick had been born and captured in Britain, but educated in Gaul. I do not recall the details of what he said, beyond the statement that this was the obvious meaning of Saint Patrick's words.

W. L. SCOTT.

BOOKS

Doctrine for Today

Questions of the Day, by John A. Ryan. Boston: Stratford Company. \$3.00.

THIS is a vigorous book. It deals with vital questions of the day in unmistakable terms. The author does not leave anyone in doubt at any point as to his meaning. It is a positive book. The subjects discussed are not closet subjects, but those which are up for discussion or decision now. It may be said to embody Dr. Ryan's platform, for most of the subjects with which his name is identified throughout the country are dealt with here.

The book has the special virtue as a controversial work of being set forth in the language of the forum. Written for the platform or the general press, the style is simple, direct, vigorous and positive. Of all the excellent works of the author this is perhaps the most useful to the general reader. It covers a wider range of subjects and gives direct exposition and answer to more questions of the day than any book in contemporary Catholic literature. The Catholic doctrine applicable to a score of subjects is found here. The work, however, is broader than an exposition of things Catholic; fully half the book deals with secular subjects with which the doctrines of the Church are only remotely connected.

The work is divided into four parts: the first deals with prohibition; the second with the relations between Catholics and the state; the third with economic questions; and the fourth with miscellaneous topics.

Under prohibition, the author deals with prohibition and civic loyalty, prohibition and social legislation, the evolution of an anti-prohibitionist, and a brief history of the Anti-saloon League in the form of a review of Odegard's book, "Pressure Politics."

Under Church and State, the author discusses the Church, the State and the constitution, union of Church and State, Catholic officials and Catholic voters, religion in the campaign of 1928, and assaults on democracy.

Economic questions relate to the regulation of public utilities, including several papers on valuation of public utilities, unemployment and poverty.

Among miscellaneous subjects treated are Catholicism and liberalism, birth control, human sterilization, evolution and equality, the Commoner, and President Hoover as statesman.

Dr. Ryan has written and spoken so widely on these topics during the last decade that his views have become well known to those who follow current discussion. There are no new pronouncements in these chapters. The virtue of the book—and it is a high virtue—consists in bringing profound conclusions on the most insistent problems of the day into brief compass and clothing them with language which one reading in good faith can readily understand and which one reading in bad faith cannot pretend to misunderstand.

In the judgment of the reviewer, the outstanding contributions in the volume are the papers on the question of Church and State, particularly the one answering the challenge made by a writer in *Current History* that "the governor's (Smith's) Church is out of harmony with our constitution." Dr. Ryan is at his best in argument here. The series on public-utility regulation and valuation are unimpeachable arguments on one of the most baffling problems of the day. The series of five papers on unemployment are the fruits of first-hand study and observation from the watch-tower of Washington. They are

clear and convincing and altogether one of the best brief summaries of this supreme question of the moment. Among the miscellaneous papers one would pick out especially the following: "Catholicism and Liberalism," "Birth Control" and "Human Sterilization."

In the opinion of the reviewer, the weakest articles are those on prohibition and the one on "Religion in the Campaign of 1928." There are too many dogmatic statements in the prohibition series on a subject about which able men differ widely both as to facts and conclusions. There is too much of a tendency to ridicule proponents of prohibition and to capitalize on journalistic phrases about minority rule, puritan intolerance and personal liberty. The present reviewer dissents from the implied conclusion that national prohibition interferes with individual liberty while state or local prohibition does not. It is hard to follow the thought that interference with liberty depends on the size of a geographical unit. Of course, national prohibition is no more intolerant than state prohibition, except that it affects more people.

The article on "Religion in the Campaign of 1928" is a good review of some of the vital facts. But it leaves the reviewer unconvinced. The interweaving of prohibition, prejudice and prosperity was so involved that no one could tell where one began and the other left off as an issue. The opinion of one informed man is as good as another, since there are no final and authoritative facts clearly proven. Probably prosperity, real or alleged, played the greatest rôle in 1928.

No book could be written on the subjects discussed by Dr. Ryan without some dissent. But the reviewer has never read a book of so wide a range and such controversial material with which he was more fully in accord. That conclusion will be the conclusion of most informed Catholics and of most unprejudiced non-Catholics.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Belloc at His Best

Cranmer: Archbishop of Canterbury, 1533-1556, by Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.00.

IN THE assured maturity of his extraordinary genius Hilaire Belloc is turning out work after work with a fecundity, a versatility, and a sustained power of lucid expression which entitle him to be considered one of the great writers of English. He is producing trenchant, illuminating articles almost every week dealing with current political and economic affairs in England. His essays, both long and short—ranging from brief meditations, little sketches of travel, or brief notes on innumerable subjects, to full-length studies in history, literature and philosophy—continue to appear in magazines and to be collected in books as they have been doing for thirty years or more. So also in the matter of his predilection: the historical biographies, of which during the last year or two, four or five have appeared. Only in poetry has he been silent. But in nearly all he does, poetry is present in its substance: in its pervading spirit; if not in its accidents of rhyme and meter. For the man is essentially a creator, a maker of new things, an artist; which, of course, is the reason why in addition to attaining high rank as a master of his own language he is eminent in the difficult art of translation. Only poets and novelists who themselves are of a creative type can translate poetry and fiction successfully.

Among Belloc's English contemporaries, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw—with both of whom he has been crossing swords in controversy for a quarter-century—are also preëminent for their productiveness, range of subject-matter, and powers of

ALTMAN Young Men's Clothing



*If you wear sizes 35 to 40
—you will find here values
that cannot be denied!*

Overcoats

Fine, all-wool fleeces that insure long satisfactory wear—styled in the popular double-breasted, half-belted model with deep satin lining. Oxford or brown.

\$29

MEN'S OXFORDS

Tan or Black—Several Models

Very Unusual at \$7.75

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING — SIXTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 34th STREET

"Choose Altman Clothing with Confidence"

NEXT WEEK

THE RELIGION OF DEATH, by Michael Williams, analyzes what is probably one of the most prevalent and fashionable cults in the United States today, if not in the whole Occidental world. What is it? What are its peculiar affirmations, and are they based on demonstrable and incontrovertible fact or on the latest form of superstition and intolerance? Unalterably opposed to this religion, is the Catholic Church. This article by the Editor of THE COMMONWEAL is deserving of the attention of every fair-minded person who does not wish to pass judgment, without considering all the evidence, on one of the most elemental and vital struggles in the world today . . . CRIME AND THE PRESS, by Ernest A. Dewey, a practical newspaper man, is an answer to the often-heard denunciation of the press for printing so much crime news. The latter, Mr. Dewey believes, is essential in a democracy for awakening public opinion to the evils that are abroad and the need for concerted and earnest struggle. . . . CONGRESS MEETS, by Oliver McKee, jr., is a review by an experienced and well-informed Washington correspondent of the confused and anomalous situation in the national capital and the probable strategies from the opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. . . . CONNOISSEURS ON THE SPOT, by Terence O'Donnell, assumes that all modern art is the outgrowth of the cupidity and clever planning of French art dealers, out to snare the dollars of ignorant but wealthy Americans, and declaring the work of Monet, Renoir, Manet, Degas, Cézanne and the other famous masters of the modern schools, to be a cult of ugliness, believes that American artists anxious to make an honest dollar have been led astray by the wicked French. Mr. O'Donnell is often amusing and no doubt expresses the convictions of those who suspect foreign influence generally of moral turpitude.

communication. But they are not poets. Both have been much more popular than Belloc. All three since they began writing have been in revolt against the social system prevailing when they appeared upon the stage. There is, however, a circumstance which explains, it seems to me, the vast popular success of Shaw and Wells as compared with Belloc. Wells and Shaw swam with the tide, Belloc against it. That tide was the modern mood of commingled Protestant ethics, pseudo-science, hectic humanitarianism and apocalyptic utopianism—the mood of humanity when uprooted from the soil of orthodox Christian order. Belloc belonged with the forces of Catholic civilization, to which not only the materialistic industrialism opposed by Wells and Shaw was abhorrent, but so too was, and is, the confused, amorphous and deliquescent mental and moral atmosphere in which his antagonists flourished, and which after Victoria increasingly became distinctive of British life. But that day is over; it is ending in storm; and the new day dawning either will belong to hard, firm neo-pagan dogmas based upon Russian Communism, or, at least imaginably, it may return to Christian order. In either case, such writers as Shaw and Wells must diminish; Belloc will increase, and around his figure, or around what he represents, a fighting corps of young and vigorous writers has gathered. There are great battles ahead.

In "Cranmer," which takes a high place among his many studies of the Reformation and post-Reformation period—"Richelieu," "Wolsey," "How the Reformation Happened"—Belloc's work as historian and his work as philosopher, as sociologist, and as a literary artist gifted with keen intuition and a subtle sense of beauty both in the mysterious rhythms of prose and in the carving of gem-like phrases, combine most happily. He is free from the slightest trammels of the task which always seems to irk him, that of pedantic research, for he frankly bases his book upon the definitive work on Cranmer accomplished by Professor Pollard; having also at his command, of course, the accumulated personal knowledge of Cranmer's period garnered in a long life-time of historical reading; and not merely of reading, but of the sympathetic understanding of what he reads. Many writers have dealt with the enigmatic, fascinating Cranmer; some, like Macaulay, condemning his character utterly; others stoutly defending him, or else explaining away, or minimizing, the bewildering series of shifts and dodges, the appalling contradictions in his career, and the still more appalling cruelties and treacheries. Belloc opposes all minimizing, strips away all the justifications, and on whatever coats of whitewash have been applied to Cranmer he paints frightful things in black and scarlet. Yet his colors, and his graving tool, for he etches as well as paints, are not dipped in or edged with hatred; there is something deeper than hatred that is the clew to his method; something that is never named, but which to one reader at least appears to be his recognition of something not of this world—some dark influence out of the depths, for which diabolism is the only name, which used Cranmer as an instrument. But even this horrible note is softened, and becomes a suggestion only, though one that pervades the last chapters like the haunting music of a doom, because of Belloc's sympathy with and just appraisal of Cranmer's power as one of the great masters of English prose; a mastery which gave the magic of beauty to the marvelous prose of the Church of England Prayer-book. Because of his literary genius, far more than through his political or ecclesiastical services to Henry VIII or to the oligarchs surrounding Henry and, in Belloc's opinion, dominating Henry, Cranmer set the ineffaceable seal of his own soul upon English Protestantism, and per-

petuated his injury of that which his soul detested: the Catholic Church.

Professor Grandgent of Harvard recently said that the dividing line between history and fiction was rapidly becoming obliterated in favor of fiction; and certainly many writers of the modern fashion of history and biography, particularly the chief figure among the English writers in that mode, Lytton Strachey, or Francis Hackett in his "Henry VIII," have done their best, or their worst, to justify Professor Grandgent. The thing is deplorable, because no amount of literary charm can compensate for the damage that must result if historical facts, not to talk about absolute historical truth, which no doubt is always unattainable, are to be abused or disregarded. I think that Belloc follows a safe path between the perils of subjectivism and the deadly bogs of mere pedantry. He does not ignore the historian's facts, still less does he invent and put forth fancies for facts; but his imagination—his ability to call up in his own mind, and to communicate his vision to his readers, of the periods and the people about which and whom he writes—is always dominant. In "Cranmer," it is supreme. The result is a great book, a work of literature which will endure.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Mother of a King

Empress Innocence: The Life of Marie-Louise, by M. E. Ravage. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

THIS is the first adequate biography that has been written of Marie-Louise, daughter of Francis I of Austria, second wife of Napoleon and mother of the ill-starred King of Rome. As a child she had read of Napoleon as the "Ogre and Anti-Christ of Europe," and when eighteen years of age had written to a friend, "I only pity the princess whom he chooses"; and yet, but one year after that letter, politics under guise of duty to the state had wed her to Napoleon and to a dynasty as dubious and dangerous an entity as its master. Has not the "Ogre" himself written: "Princesses marry for love? Why they are nothing but political merchandise!" Marie-Louise was a pawn and therein lies her tragedy, greater even than that of Josephine.

For all that, she fails to win one. It is not the fault of the author, who writes a charming and engrossing story with a fine sympathy. She was too frigid. Place her beside the warmer if more plebeian Josephine, and this austere daughter of the Caesars seems pale indeed. Josephine's place she could not fill in the emperor's heart, nor in the world's. And yet Marie-Louise brought Napoleon perhaps his only real happiness, more than he found in the gold of the blazing battle, for she gave him a son. One catches intimate and tender glimpses of him as the father, the man in his essential moments without the false glamour of the sordid accidents of war. He who could gaze upon fields of dead victims of his ambition without a tremor, trembled with ecstasy in the presence of his newborn child. Marie-Louise made him the man of peace. The sword he had laid by; but alas, by it he had lived, the symbol at once of his dominion and destruction. As they played in the nursery, the rumors of war reached his ears, and forth once more he went, reluctantly but with the same old disdain of his foes. This time the Allies had too surely dealt the cards against him. Waterloo! Down went the dynast and the dynasty, and with the debris floated Marie-Louise and the King of Rome, to end their days in tragedy and regret. On St. Helena the emperor eked out his wretched exile, thinking of his son, Marie-Louise and of course his long-lost Josephine.

WE RECOMMEND FOR INVESTMENT

BONDS AND NOTES

(IN DENOMINATIONS OF \$500 AND \$1,000)

OF

CATHOLIC CHURCHES AND INSTITUTIONS

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

Daniel O'Connell & Company
Incorporated
580 Fifth Avenue
New York

BUFFALO

LIBERTY BANK BUILDING

DUBLIN

34 KILDARE STREET

SELECTED POEMS

of

THOMAS WALSH

Late Associate Editor of "The Commonwealth"

With a Memoir by John Bunker and Appreciations
by Edward L. Keyes and Michael Williams

FOR the last quarter century Thomas Walsh held a unique place in the literary world. His studies and translations in Spanish literature brought to him high honors and among other decorations the Order of Isabella of Spain.

In America Thomas Walsh will be remembered as a figure who moved through the world of letters as poet, philosopher and friend of those whose main interests lie in artistic endeavors. His keen appreciation of poetry and his discerning critical powers are best exemplified in those two outstanding anthologies which will remain for years a monument to his scholarship—"The Hispanic Anthology" and "The Catholic Anthology." In the latter will be found not only the most beautiful poetry of Catholic writers, but also the poems of those not of that faith who in their poetry showed something of that spirit which guided him in his selection.

We consider it a rare privilege to present to the public this volume of selected verse by a poet so greatly admired and respected in contemporary times.

PRICE \$2.50

Order from BOOK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

THE COMMONWEAL

Grand Central Terminal, New York City

For Rent

For two months or longer, in the beautiful Hill section of Augusta, "The Tourist City of the South," furnished bungalow, six rooms, baths, steam heat, garage, large and beautiful lot and playgrounds. Near Bon Air and Forrest Ricker Tourist Hotels, Golf Links and Polo Fields. Address P. H. RICE, care The Bulletin, Augusta, Ga.

THE CLERGY REVIEW

A Monthly Professional Magazine Conducted by Professors of the English Catholic Colleges

THE EDITORIAL BOARD

comprises the Presidents of the English Seminaries at home and abroad, under the chairmanship of His Grace Archbishop Downey. The Joint Editors are:—

The Right Rev. Mgr. E. Canon Myers, M.A.,
(President of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware)

The Rev. T. E. Flynn, Ph.D., M.A.,
(Vice-President of St. Joseph's College, Upholland)

with the collaboration of the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon George, D.D., Ph.D. and the Rev. John T. Arendzen, D.D., Ph.D., M.A.

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH

Subscription \$5.00 a year—12 issues by mail

A full prospectus in the same format as the Review, and all particulars will be sent in response to a postcard addressed to:—

The Manager, THE UNIVERSE,
1, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C. 2.

ORATE FRATRES

A Review Devoted to the Liturgical Apostolate

For nearly four years *Orate Fratres* has been working for the cause of the Liturgical Apostolate, a movement which is active in every part of the world and aims to foster a more diligent and intelligent participation in the Church's solemn liturgy.

Founded and edited by the Benedictine monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, with the assistance of the following associate editors:

Mr. Donald Attwater, Tal-y-bont, North Wales.
Rev. William Busch, St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B., Conception, Missouri.
Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J., St. Louis, Missouri.
Rev. Martin B. Hellriegel, O'Fallon, Missouri.
Rev. John T. McMahon, Perth, West Australia.
Rev. Leo F. Miller, Columbus, Ohio.
Rev. James E. O'Mahony, O.S.F.C., Cork, Ireland.
Rev. Richard E. Power, Springfield, Mass.
Mrs. Justine B. Ward, Washington, D. C.

Published every four weeks, beginning with Advent.
48 pp. \$2.00 per year.

Write for free sample copy and descriptive leaflet which tells of the need and aims of the Liturgical Apostolate.

THE LITURGICAL PRESS
COLLEGEVILLE MINNESOTA

Incidentally the book forms a decidedly valuable contribution to literature concerning Napoleon. The author affords us a vivid and refreshing insight into the deeper aspects of his character. One puts the volume down, dreaming again of this Titian of his time, beside whom all other characters, save perhaps Wellington, his nemesis, move like mannikins. Mr. Ravage has had access to original documents, usually memoirs or letters of eye-witnesses, and brings his readers back-stage of history. This is not only a volume of undoubted biographical merit but is also a splendid summary of the currents and cross-currents which charged the atmosphere of that momentous period. The book is illustrated with twelve half-tones and has an excellent bibliography.

T. FRANCIS HEALY.

Taste

The Best Poems of 1931; selected by Thomas Moulton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

ANTHOLOGIES of current verse have become indispensable to those who wish to follow, in a measure, the trend of current writing. Of such collections Mr. Moulton's, which has appeared annually during a decade, seems easily the best. It is not too large; it reflects nicety and yet liberality of judgment. Naturally one may hold (as some persons have) that the editor lacks sympathy with the ultra-modern poets, whose work adds only an occasional modest bloom to his bouquets. But an anthology is necessarily personal. Enjoyment of it begins with acceptance of the limitations imposed by the collector's own commitments to the beautiful.

The jewel of this year's volume is easily Mr. Robert Nichols's "The Souls of the Righteous." Here is a ballad which manifests not merely a finished, decidedly personal craftsmanship but also a poetic grasp of a theme worth writing about. Not a few charming brief lyrics have come into Mr. Moulton's net. Among them few, one thinks, surpass the simple charm of Elizabeth Coatsworth's "The Blessing of the Beds" or the illuminated sententiousness of Mr. Coffin's "Sunflowers." Three COMMONWEAL poets are represented: John Lee Higgins, Ernest Hartsock and Thomas Caldecott Chubb.

Naturally there are poems in last year's output which Mr. Moulton has either failed to appreciate or not seen. But after all it is far better, for our delight, that he should keep his book small and sound. Virtually every poem in the collection can be read with assent and profit. To say that about an anthology is to give all praise for which a decent man will ask.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Russian Christianity

The Russian Church, by Nicolas Brian-Chaninov; translated by Warre B. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IT IS doubtful whether any book available to English readers contains more timely and pertinent information on the subject of the Russian Church than this compact little volume. The mystery of the collapse of the Orthodox Church under the impact of Bolshevism, and its prostration under the Soviets, raises many questions in the minds of Catholics which here find a ready if not a consoling answer. Though the work, as might naturally be expected, is mainly historical, there are chapters on "The Uniate Movement in Southwest Russia," on "Monachism and Liturgy" and on "Church Music," which, in brief compass, illustrate some of the most significant movements and characteristics of Russian Christianity.

Enough is said in the early chapters about the evangelization of Russia and the connection of the Russian Church with Byzantium to make clear the steps which led to its subserviency under the emperors and its practical annihilation under Lenin and his followers. Nowhere have the futility and the failure of the efforts of Russian ecclesiastics to cope with the hatred and aggressiveness of the Russian revolutionaries been more clearly and succinctly related than in the concluding historical chapter entitled, "The Ruin of the Third Rome." "What is terrifying," the author says, "is the passivity and even complaisance with which the people have permitted a tiny minority to make themselves masters."

The fate of Russia is a warning to the rest of the world, for the Soviets, not content with destroying religion in Russia, have summoned the Internationalists to rise against God as against capital. Though the author finds some measure of consolation in the fact that the Russian dioceses abroad have not been engulfed in the atheism and the anarchy which devastated the church at home, he can paint nothing but a gloomy picture of the condition of religion and the church in Russia itself. Still he clings to the hope that what has happened may ultimately lead to union with Rome. The translator has done his work well, though he might have been a little more careful with some of the proper names.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Reminiscence

Pictures and Persons, by Leonard Sargent. Benedictine Historical Monographs, VI. Washington, D. C.: St. Anselm's Priory.

REMINISCENCES have a peculiar charm. These essays are of great interest because of the story of religious progression in familiar places. In one of the essays Dom Sargent gives us a vivid portrayal of college life at Harvard in the days of Mr. Eliot. To those of us whose impressions of Harvard center on recent developments, these stories of long ago give a sense of continuity. The chapter on Chelsea Square will recall to New Yorkers, at least, one of the few sections of lower New York unaffected by the whirlwind changes of the past years. The advocates of broadness in religious matters will find food for thought in this account of the professors and students at the General Theological Seminary fifty years ago. The elasticity of the system may account somewhat for the bewildering opinions of today. It is fortunate that Dom Sargent's experiences should have led him from Chelsea Square to Cowley. These two essays will be of interest and value to Catholics who wish to know something of the history of religious principles and convictions. In this connection Dom Sargent's own words might be quoted as expressing the most charitable conclusion: "If the Catholic cannot concede to his Anglican brother all that the latter claims, he can at least recognize the spirit in which the claims are made." A loyal and sincere opponent is very nearly a friend.

The psychology of the boy is ever the concern of the Benedictine educator. Dom Sargent knows this well and his "De Homunculis" is one of the most delightful chapters of the book. Coupled with the concluding essay entitled "Pax," the reader has an excellent résumé of life at the Portsmouth Priory School. The dedication, a few weeks ago, of the first unit of the permanent group of buildings foreshadows a healthy growth of a school that all hope is destined to be another precious link in Benedictine history.

Reminiscences full of charm and interest; a book to read.
MAURICE LAVANOUX.



Every child
deserves protection
from tuberculosis



Help Fight Tuberculosis

buy

**CHRISTMAS
SEALS**

THE NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE UNITED STATES

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED

Manuscripts neatly and accurately typed
50¢ per 1,000 words
Free carbon copy

BEATRICE BROWN

2405 West 4th Street

JOPLIN, MO.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the adornment
of churches

Old Embroidery Transferred

131 EAST 47th STREET

NEW YORK

ELdorado 5-1058

The DOMINICAN COLLEGE

of San Rafael
(Incorporated 1891)

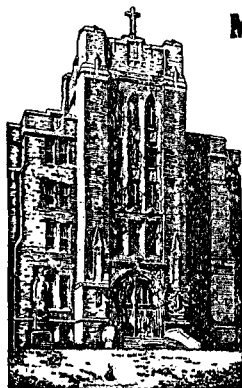
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Resident and Non-Resident Students Conducted by Sisters of
St. Dominic. The Dominican College is on the List of Col-
leges Approved by Association of American Universities.

A Member of the American Association
of University Women

In the SCHOOL OF MUSIC, special certificates are granted,
and the degree of BACHELOR OF MUSIC is conferred.
For full particulars address The Secretary, DOMINICAN
COLLEGE, San Rafael, California.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, DOMINICAN
HIGH SCHOOL
San Rafael, California

**MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON**

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The school that emphasizes char-
acter and health in a truly Catholic
atmosphere.

Definite preparation for a career in
college, business, art, music. Scho-
lastic standards accredited by the Uni-
versity of the State of New York.

Modern fireproof buildings. Sixty-
five-acre campus. High altitude.
New gymnasium; athletic field.

Illustrated booklet upon request.

Sisters of St. Dominic

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Two People, by A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton and
Company, Incorporated. \$2.50.

THIS, which is offered to the public as Mr. Milne's first attempt at a serious novel, recalls the famous denial that an age-old mediaeval institution was "either Holy or Roman or an Empire." But, though "Two People" is a most imponderable and cobwebby sort of narrative, it is first-rate entertainment. In outline it presents a few gentle vicissitudes from the lives of the Reginald Wellards. They live, in happy rural-ity, on a little English country estate, with the stock tyrannical gardener and stock English servants to which polite over-seas comedy has accustomed us—but also, it must be confessed, with three entirely original and delightful cats. So faithfully observed and finely rendered are these felines, in fact, that the all-too-brief transcriptions of their behavior might stand as a definitive treatise on the species. But to resume: Reginald's occupations are two; he putters at writing, and he wonders about Sylvia. He loves her, of course, and she is, of course, almost too beautiful to live. But is she literal-minded? Humorless? Opaque? Does she really love him, or only think she does? Presently he produces a book which catches on and makes him famous, and he transfers himself, Sylvia, his fame and his ques-tions to London. After Mr. Milne gets a little tired of this, he tells us that Reginald is now convinced that Sylvia is all his fondest dreams pictured her, and brings them both back to Westaways and the cats, where they live happily ever after. It is all very innocuous, but very light-handedly done, with a pro-cession of amusing people going through the pages, a tender gaiety in the love passages, and a kind of whispering wit in the writing that it takes an expert to bring off.

The Cambridge Shakespeare: The Winter's Tale. New
York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

FEW EDITIONS of Shakespeare designed for students' use are more serviceable than that "edited for the syndics of the Cambridge University Press by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson." A good text, annotated conservatively and without much aesthetic comment, is offered in an attractive small format. "The Winter's Tale" is accompanied by a general critical introduction by "Q," a history of the text by Professor Wilson, a chronicle of the play's fortunes on the stage by Harold Child, and the usual explanatory notes written with discerning care. There is little novelty, but a stout and reliable performance.

CONTRIBUTORS

M. MANENT is a Catalan poet and author who sends this article from Barcelona.

R. N. D. WILSON is an Irish poet who has published a volume of verse. MARIE L. DARRACH is a writer of feature articles, formerly associated with the New York Times and Herald Tribune, and the San Francisco Chronicle.

ANNE RYAN is a poet and essayist.

ELMER MURPHY is one of the editors of the Nation's Business.

DR. JOSEPH J. STAHL is president of the St. Apollonia Guild of New York.

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN, writer and lecturer in French and English, is the author of biographies of Cardinal Lavigerie and Monsignor Dupont Desloges and "Au pays de la vie intense" and "Jésus et ses apôtres."

ANNA MOODY is a new contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM is a New Hampshire farmer and writer whose books include "Little Beasts of Field and Wood" and "American Animals."

DR. FRIEDRICH VON MINKUS is an Austrian publicist and member of the staff of the Vienna Reichspost.

JOHN A. LAPP is the dean of the School of Social Service of Marquette University and the author of "Our America" and many other books.

T. FRANCIS HEALY contributes to literary reviews.

REV. PATRICK J. HEALY is dean of the faculty of theology in the Catholic University of America. He is the author of "The Valerian Persecution" and "Historical Christianity and the Social Question."

MAURICE LAVANOUX, a Boston architect, is secretary of the Liturgical Arts Society.